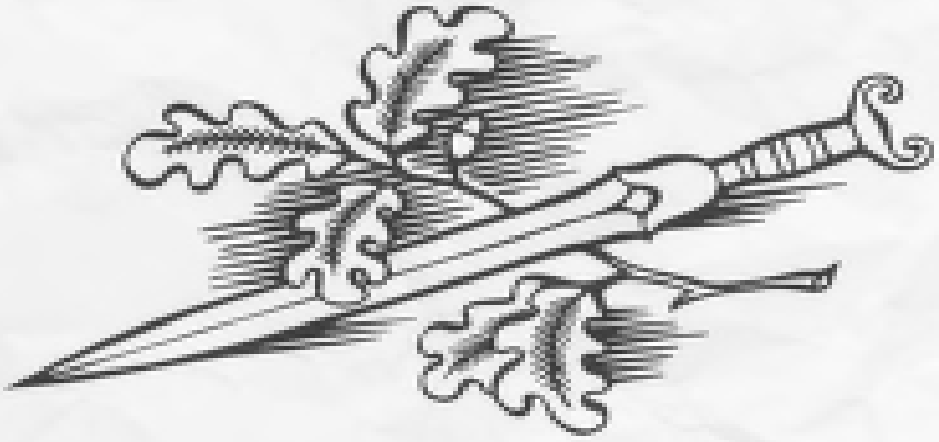

Gott und Volk

Soldatisches Bekenntnis

God And Folk, Soldierly Affirmation

1. God And Folk, Soldierly Affirmation
2. eotf
3. (5ettncmy
4. Decitt)
5. fjonout
6. 0uUt
7. Our Task

God And Folk, Soldierly Affirmation

This book was produced in EPUB format by the Internet Archive.

The book pages were scanned and converted to EPUB format automatically. This process relies on optical character recognition, and is somewhat susceptible to errors. The book may not offer the correct reading sequence, and there may be weird characters, non-words, and incorrect guesses at structure. Some page numbers and headers or footers may remain from the scanned page. The process which identifies images might have found stray marks on the page which are not actually images from the book. The hidden page numbering which may be available to your ereader corresponds to the numbered pages in the print edition, but is not an exact match; page numbers will increment at the same rate as the corresponding print edition, but we may have started numbering before the print book's visible page numbers. The Internet Archive is working to improve the scanning process and resulting books, but in the meantime, we hope that this book will be useful to you.

The Internet Archive was founded in 1996 to build an Internet library and to promote universal access to all knowledge. The Archive's purposes include offering permanent access for researchers, historians, scholars, people with disabilities, and the general public to historical collections that exist in digital format. The Internet Archive includes texts, audio, moving images, and software as well as archived web pages, and

provides specialized services for information access for the blind and other persons with disabilities.

Created with abbyy2epub (v.1.7.6)

eotf

unt>

VOIR

Go Ibatifcljes tgehenritnis

God and Folk - Soldierly Affirmation is translated from the Third Reich original Gott und Volk Soldatisches Bekenntnis, which was published by the Theodor Fritsch Verlag in Berlin. The author describes himself as a youth of the Weimar Republic generation, soldier and National Socialist activist. But his name is not provided. Christianity is rejected. Service to the God-given folk is proclaimed the true meaning of life and ultimate religious act. Fulfilment of duty replaces salvation and heaven. Honour outweighs love.

table of Contents

Out Patt).2

Decision.15

■Kcuolution of ttje Soul.20

0oi>.37

0ettnany.49

£ift.60

Deati).75

Duty.83

£)onout.88

£oot.92

f>ate.101

0uilt.106

Out lash.Ill

A Young German has written this book from his soul, with the river of his heart after a difficult day's work.

He has stood as a youth in the struggle for the Reich and has become a man in the school of armed service. He takes for himself the right to write about faith, because in life he stands at the front. He does not want to intervene in the quarrel of the scholars, because he knows that the struggle for faith is not decided by books and speeches, rather solely by the fire of the hearts.

Hence this book should also be read with the heart.

His words are intended for those who already carry the new faith within themselves, be it just as the most distant yearning or dark presentiment. He summons them to help create, so that the German soul may find its way to God, so that we can live ourselves.

Our Patty

Hot souls and passionate hearts that beat only for Germany bear our faith. One should not gab about faith. One must experience it. It is born in the deepest depth of our heart. And only a heart with the same fire and the same yearning can ever understand it. Whoever does not carry this fire deep inside and does not call this great yearning his own, has no right to criticize us. Whoever does not feel it in the heart, will never comprehend it with reason.

Hence let it be said at the start: We do not need you, you doubters, you reason-religionists (Vernunftsreligionisten), you sermon preachers and chaste morality apostles! If you decry us as heretics and heathens, fine then;

it should be an honour for us. But for the construction of our German cathedral we reject you. We want pure faith. We do not want this faith, for which the best struggle, to become falsified and bourgeois. We do not need you, you eternally dissatisfied and know-it-alls. We do not want the soaring young to be restrained and paralyzed by your reservations and cowardly thoughts; for this hot fire of enthusiasm to get cold, for our faith to harden and burn out.

Our words are intended only for those who, like us, honestly search for a new faith. For a thousand paths lead to the creator. May each walk his own. But may none lose the common goal to which we are obligated and for which alone our faith in intended: Germany!

We youths have walked a strange and yet straight path. It is the path of a youth that all too early forgot how to dream in the clouds and to rave for tempting, hollow phrases. Our folk's distress and suffering have made us hard and ready to build on the future. One should not come to us with the ridiculous gesture: "Yes, all that is quite good. But that's how we were earlier, too. Later, with age, it comes back again."

We hate this cheap, philistine manner of cowardly and lazily putting up with the storms of a time. We hate these indifferent, cool beer prophets, who look down on the youth, wise and smiling sympathetically; and only just emphasize their age. We find no path to them. For their hearts are cold and stiff. That has nothing, nothing at all to do with despising age. Only the person who has remained young in heart can boast of his age.

It is not true that our young, revolutionary striving is possessed by every youth, is hence a natural manifestation of our age. We live today in a turning-point time, in which the yearning of centuries achieves a breakthrough, to which series of generations after us will give expression.

4

The voice of the blood just speaks especially loud and pure in our young hearts. Whoever does not want to comprehend that, has in truth slept through the greatest German moment. We are not the youth of 1900 who were born into a strong Reich. When we began to live consciously, there

was no Germany that could have been homeland for us. We first had to win our homeland, Germany.

And this struggle has become our fate. There has probably never yet been a youth that so early as we already found the path to struggle. To the struggle for their own young life. To the struggle for their fatherland. There has also never been a youth that had to experience and bear so much misery and distress, humiliation and suffering as we.

As our fathers stood and bled at the fronts and in the trenches, as our mothers in the homeland suffered and hungered, we were born. We know the war only from hearsay. But one should not reproach us for that. It's not our fault. One should judge us by whether we have stood our ground in our time. And I believe we have done that.

This war has marked our life. We are its children. And we know that our fathers and mothers were the heroes of this war. We know that it was the greatest struggle of a folk for its honour and for its youth. This knowledge is for us sacred obligation, which one cannot fulfil with words, which one must live, just live. Hence the

war stands at the beginning of our life. And the war will stand over our life as long as we breathe.

Many of us never knew their fathers. They did not return from the great struggle. And the ones who did come back, were strange to us. We had to become accustomed to them.

We spent our childhood years in the noise of revolt and civil war. And while we romped and played, a weak government sold us to the power of capital and the arbitrariness of the enemies. At the stage of eight, we were no longer free people. We were servants and slaves for life. But we didn't know anything about that yet.

When the time came when we became awake, we looked around us. In front of us a future, black and dark. Around us misery, hatred, fratricide on the one side, indifference, lethargy, debauchery on the other. A wild dance of

cravings and desires! Defenceless and stepped on, we had to experience how our folk lost its highest possessions and staggered toward the abyss.

The worst thing for us, we who waited yearning for a liberator from this distress, was, however, that the largest portion of our folk, indifferent and inactive, let things go on with the for us incomprehensible, pitiful excuse: “But we can’t do anything against it.” In this hour our hatred grew. The pure hatred against those people who were fearfully concerned for the wellbeing of their stomach, even if they lost honour and freedom in the process. They could simply

crawl and close their eyes to the misery and distress. But we, we still had to live. And we wanted to live!

In this hour we became idealists. Not dreamers and soft romantics. Or romanticism has been very bitter and hard. And our idealism was not fantasy for goals that lie in the stars. The time was too cold and too rough for that. No, a right real idealism entered into our hearts. An idealism of the deed.

And in this hour when we began to hate, love was born within us. Not the lukewarm, half love that one preaches in the churches; the hot, blind love for Germany, which knows no boundaries and no reservations. From this love and from this hate then arose the will. The hard will to stand up for our folk. To help with our young hearts and young hands to conquer the Reich of which we could only dream.

So did we stand in a world strange to us, disappointed, but at the same time on the search for new ideals. Until the war-cry of Adolf Hitler, that mighty idealist, reached us from the German south.

Was it a miracle, if this man, in whom we believed to have now finally found the fulfilment of all our yearning and hope, conquered our young, hot hearths on the charge! Was it a miracle, if his ideals enchanted us with such might that we forgot school and parental home because of them! That we devoted our life to him

from the first hour! We had never heard this man speak, we had never seen him. And yet we felt that he would be our Fiihrer. And yet we knew that he and he alone, could give us freedom. While the others calculated with their reason and through all the calculating and pondering lost courage, our heart drove us, solely our hearts, to the man who had beckoned the hearts, so it also came about that we were not understood by stiff lecturers and world-alien pastors, yes, not even by our parents. The latter often caused us pain. The former was natural. We were the immature boys and green horns who had no place in politics. But we know only one politics: Germany. And nobody is too young for this politics. Of the older people, only a few believed in us. But our faith was just all the stronger.

I have not yet forgotten the words of a teacher who spoke in our class back then. He called us a soft, immature youth that would collapse before fate's first charge. These words have driven and incited my heart since that moment. They gave me no rest until that day when the youth triumphed and won the Reich. Twenty young fighters have lost their lives for this Reich and are silent witnesses of a hard youth that God judged mature enough to help build his work.

The hotter we consumed ourselves in the faith in Germany, the more we distanced ourselves from that church which preaches the faith of love. This faith runs just as straight as the path to

Germany. At first. We walked forward step by step, searching and groping. In the process we probably often looked around. Then the steps became firmer and paces longer. The gaze did not stray from the goal that lie before us. And others joined us on the path, seekers and fighters. And joined into the columns and marched. More and more will come to us until one day a whole folk marches via Germany's God. We had been baptized Christian like everybody else, because propriety and customs demanded it. In the fourth class we recited the Jewish fairy-tales just like the teacher demanded. But if in German class we heard the Siegfried saga, then our eyes glistened, our little hearts raced and often stood still. And many a one furtively wiped away a tear with his sleeve, when fierce Hagen slew brave Siegfried.

Siegfried, yes, that was our hero! But the father was also hero for us, when he talked about the great war.

We also put confirmation class behind us. But unfortunately, the pastor had more aggravation with us fresh scamps than we had concern for our souls' salvation. That was only on account of our schoolboy years. We had never been wellbehaved anyway. Only little boys and mother's boys are well-behaved. One praised them to uncles, aunts and relatives as "good children". Little boys become philistines. But a lad has his own skull. Later in life, he succeeds.

If the well-behaved took their song book Sundays, put on their school caps and walked to church, we strolled around in the forest, listened to the wind and enjoyed the sun. But when we got somewhat bigger and more mature, we also sat in church sometimes, because we wanted to listen to some pastor who carried fire in his soul. But we had never had our own thoughts about our faith. We took Christianity as one passed it to us.

Then that great day came when we found a leader and we found Germany. The struggle for freedom captivated us completely and pushed back everything, the church as well. Then days came when we needed strength, inner strength, which strengthened us anew and fortified us in our faith in the Reich. We went into church with wide hearts solely in order to fetch strength, edification and fire. But what we found was either polemics from the pulpit against us, at best indifference, but usually ice-cold rejection. That is what we found.

Only a few pastors managed to speak German, passionate German, from the pulpit. We bow to these men. The church in its entirety, however, has not understood the signs of the time. It has failed in its hour of fate. It has allowed it that its clerics preach from the pulpit Sundays about love and faith and the evening before raise their voices in a social democratic mass rally against the enemies of the republic. It has deemed it right to

deny last rites to a human being only because he was too poor to pay his church taxes. It has managed to then still talk about poverty and

renunciation. A mockery of the saviour and of his doctrine. It has denied church burial to German men only because they affirmed Germany. It has thereby distanced itself from the folk and fails due to that.

A church that does not serve its folk's best forces sins against God's will. It has no life right.

Richer by one disappointment, we left the church and we went out again into the street and into the meetings. For there, and nowhere else, Germany's fate was decided. Inside they could fight over words and formulas, the time screamed for the deed. So we set off to seek our God. And we found him in the struggle for folk and fatherland. And in this time the faith in the most sacred things was nowhere more hotly defended than by those whom one decried as heretics and godless. Certainly, these heretics had lost faith in a Christian church. But they had a faith that moved mountains: the faith in Germany. They had energy that never failed: trust in God. And they possessed a leader. This faith has defied all storms and has never left them. For they did not fetch it from a church. They also did not read it in the Bible. They won it in the struggle. And we say that to all who today still doubt:

Our path to God does not pass through Bible and Jerusalem. It leads through Germany. It cannot be otherwise.

In quiet and stormy nights, in moonlight or in snow storms, we lads found ourselves together and swore eternal struggle against all un-German essence. At the shine of the fire we consecrated our flags and pennants and gained energy and courage for new struggle. And if we then, a devout unit, stood out there on lonely heights, gazed into the bright blazing flames of pure fire, if we gazed out into the broad German land, if we looked up toward the distant stars in the dark sky of the silent night, a mysterious yearning passed through our young hearts. It was the yearning into the distance, the yearning for the eternal wellsprings of German life, the yearning for God.

At the same hour a pastor protested in the school's parents' council against the brutalization and godlessness of the present day youth. And in the same night a sixteen-year-old lad died a hero's death on a dark road in the faith in

eternal Germany. That was the German youth, “the immature, brutalized youth”. And this youth has won the Reich.

Then that day came which made our hearts pulse all the way up into our throat. That great turning-point that seemed a miracle to all of us. But no miracle in the Christian-Biblical sense. Our miracles are not wares and magic tricks.

They are the miracle of energy and faith, miracle of will.

And again we had no time to occupy ourselves with church faith. We also felt no desire for it; only when the flood water of the revolution had ebbed and found its river bed. Initially, we only saw externalities, the facade. It seemed to us rotten and in need of repair. Yes, a new reformation would have to roar through the lands again so that the church would become homeland for us! We wanted to help. Yes, that is what we wanted!

And we began to search, to ponder with burning hearts. And began to doubt. But no, do not doubt! That could not be the truth. We had to push deeper. But the deeper we penetrated, the more our heart turned away from the faith that had been the faith of our fathers. There had been hot, bitter, often painful fighting. And when we reached the wellsprings, our soul was divided. Here, the German called; there the Christian! Here we spoke; there our fathers, our mothers. And we knew - for Germany’s sake - no other path than to push the Christian out of our heart so that the German took up all the space.

No! We did not want to live for the price of blessedness. We wanted to live in order to totally sacrifice ourselves for our folk. No! We did not want to ask whether we go to heaven. Our question was: How does it help the fatherland? No! We needed no middleman to God. For God

stood directly above us. Yes, he was in us. We have felt it trembling in the struggle. No! We did not want to falsify our faith, the faith that allowed us to triumph.

Hence no reformation helps us. We build no house on soft ground. What we need is a new order in head and limbs. We want a faith that burns from German depth of essence, from German heart. A faith that fits the German like the Teutoburg Forest, like the North Sea and the quiet heath.

No! Only one thing can help us: That we take spade to hand and get to work. That we clear away all the soot and stones and dig until we strike solid ground, soil upon which we can build. That we place our hearts in the fire and let them burn until everything bad and foreign falls off as ash, until our hearts are free again and beat more pure. That we walk the path to seek ourselves. That we find ourselves again and become Germans.

And we say to those who do not want to understand us: It is not easy to separate oneself from the father's world of faith, to turn one's back on a thousand-year-old church and its doctrines and to speak of a new faith that must be lived. Difficult, honest fighting is necessary between old custom and new desire, between the struggling forces of the conscience. One should not portray this step as a youthful frivolity and not thought out action. No! Boundless courage and faith go

with it, great and hot. This step is for us a must from piety. We are fed up with the faith of church and dogma, because we believe in life.

From centuries of fighting, we see the decision ripening. The German folk soul awakens and builds its own cathedral. The ground is the sacred German earth, fertilized with blood, won by the sword. The dome is the broad blue sky from which the sun shines. The pillars are the deeds of our folk that grow mighty to the stars. And like bell chimes, the calls of our German heralds and prophets echo through the room, eternally admonishing and obligating. The German folk, however, has religious service as long as it lives. It is called work on Germany and hence for god.

Decision

We live in an era of decision. A new valuation of the whole life has begun with the realization of the values of race and blood. Outwardly, it becomes

visible in the forming of a new life style and of a new life will. The era of international mankind's dreams comes to an end and with it the dream of a Christian idea of mankind that moved people for two millennia, without one getting even just one step closer to it.

Race and folk have been elevated to sacred ideas. They form the face of our time and the law for the future. Whatever serves this law is good and should continue to exist. Whatever does not acknowledge this law is bad and must change. Better yet, disappear. For a wolf s coat might look good on a sheep, but it does not turn into a wolf. Whoever lived for two thousand years from mercy, cannot suddenly become a hero.

We stand at the beginning of a strong time. That we stand at the beginning is no disadvantage for us. We are ahead of the others in that. Happy is the human being who still stands before tasks, who has goals and work ahead of him. After all, we want to have no salvation. We feel fine at beginnings. Our path leads back to our native

kind. Yes, it leads into us. And hence we stride forward. Hence the future belongs to us as well.

It is as if the German folk today awakens from a thousand year dream and returns to itself like a boy who dreamt of angels and paradise and upon awakening must determine that life needs hard, world-secure men.

God has sent our folk a different and long path to unity and to youth. For while folks around us sicken and age, we stride toward the beginning. This beginning can only come from ourselves, neither from Rome nor from Judah.

Now the Reich stands. Germany has birthed itself. A leader leads. A will commands. A folk rises up. And yet we still have a battle to fight, the battle for German man, for the German soul. It will be the most difficult and nonetheless the most fruitful, the most beautiful. A new generation will shape for itself a new faith from the depths of German nature. The revolution must become the revolution of the soul.

No experience moved me more deeply than the sacred hour when as a soldier I took the oath to the Fiihrer and to Germany, since I swore loyalty to the death. My back ran hot and cold. My heart raced. I do not know how. But no celebration hurt my heart more than this one. First the Protestant pastor spoke to his faithful, then the Catholic to his. We lads had sworn an oath. And we were supposed to have two different faiths? But we were Germans. And what

else? Nothing, nothing but Germans! In this hour when discord cut into my heart, I began to believe in the victory of German faith.

The political union is complete. Should not the Germans also achieve religious unification? Yes, I believe in it, like I once believed in the overcoming of the parties, classes and provinces. This unification in faith will crown the renewal. However, there will be no reformation in Christ, rather the breakthrough to German deep essence and the community of blood in German faith. That is what I believe. And I proudly affirm it: In this hour I became a German. And I know: The time will ripen when just one man admonishes from the pulpit, as German, as soldier. And I believe: The German religion will be essentially soldierly. It will sanctify the worker his work. It will say to the peasant that he stands on consecrated soil. It will give the soldier duty as life. And all will share the one goal, for which they live and work, in which they believe, which god has given them as task: Germany!

And as I affirmed this, Christianity was no longer a question for me. We stand today in the struggle for the soul of the German folk. Where there is struggle, values are fought over. Today it is about whether love triumphs or honour, obedience or defiance, pity or strength, letter or blood.

Struggle pushes for decision. Today it will be decided whether the German should be tolerant

man or hero, sinner or affirming man, dreamer or fighter. Decided today will be whether we want to become even more alien to ourselves and dissipate our work in the orient or whether we come to ourselves. A German

era begins of hard, heroic life bearing. Today our homeland is being fought over. Do we still want to continue to talk about the orient or do we want to affirm Germany?

Where there is struggle, fronts stand. The fronts are clear. The one is called Christ. The other is Germany. There is no third. Also no compromise. Today it is not about weakening Catholicism in order to strengthen Protestantism. It is about replacing a religion alien to us with a faith that is born in the deepest depth of the German soul.

Every time has its sign. Two times, two signs face each other today: The Cross and the sword. The sword is the weapon of the fighter. The longsuffering man drags the cross. Christianity (Christentum) has assembled today under the sign of the cross. Not the Christian world (Christenheit). Our struggle is not directed against human beings. It is aimed at the idea. It is not waged with the fist, also not with the mouth. It is waged with the weapons of the spirit and with the strength of the hearts.

Christianity has taken up a defensive position. Yes, one just hears defensive speeches in the churches. Things must be going bad for it.

We are on the attack!

The front of the cross has a strong and a weak flank. The strong one is catholic. Its strength is unity. The weak one is Protestant. Its weakness is fragmentation. Our struggle is aimed at both, the struggle of the hearts. Object of the conflict is German man. He is being fought over today. Not for benefices, not for dogmas, not for churches. The goal of the struggle is the German community. Not a denomination, also not a general Christian church. Solely a folk, which believes in God and in itself.

This folk is awakening. That today many people no longer call themselves Christians without reflection, that today religion is discussed everywhere, that one debates religious questions everywhere, that in many churches gaping emptiness dominates and the youth prefers to fetch strength on heights in firelight, that is a good sign, a sign that our folk does not sleep. A deep yearning from honest hearts goes through the German land. The Germans want to finally become Germans and seek their own path to God.

£eoolutioti of ttjc 6oul

If we speak of Christianity, then we do not mean the Christian Germandom (Christendeutschtum) of today. One should take Christianity as it reveals itself in the Bible, as it really is. For the Holy Church as well refers to the Holy Scriptures as the foundation of its faith, which is God's word and inviolate. Certainly, during the centuries pure Christianity, above all, in the Protestant faith, has never triumphed. Instead a compromise developed, from which we today sicken. For heaven's sake, one should not claim that the German folk first achieved genuine height through the tie with Christianity, or even that it recovered through Christianity. What makes us tremble before the towering might of a Gothic cathedral, what echoes within us in the music of a Bach, in the radiant words of an Arndt, that is not the voice of a Christian conscience. That is the depth of German disposition, that is the energy and kindness of the German heart. The name may be Christian. The work, the soul, which created it, are German.

No! Our goal, our yearning is the day when the German soul finally jettisons al foreign ballast and, pure and free, conquers and dominates the proud heights.

It is proof how alien to nature the original Christianity was to our ancestors that the missionaries first had to sneak into German hearts by detour through the Heiland (old Saxon religious literature). Hence Christianity is a constructed religion, a compromise that splits our souls. It is indeed the most complicated religion that I can imagine. One spends the whole time to first clarify and debate it. In the process one gets stuck and forgets the essential thing. Today Christianity will no longer get out of the defensive position. One has already long ceased to protest.

Where words do not suffice and cannot convince, one brought the pagans under the cross with the weapons. So for the first time the German soul defended itself powerfully and defiantly in the Saxon. How strong must they have been that they gave their blood in rivers! And how alien must the saviour doctrine have remained to the Germans that one had to command religious service under threat of the death penalty!

What erroneous, harmful arrogance of a church, in contempt for the most natural laws, to force an entire world under its command, in order to bring it the sole beatific faith! Does one seriously believe that a Congolese can have the same concept of God, the same faith, as a seeking German Human being? No! One does justice to nobody with a universal means. I prefer to see a

negro tribe move wildly with loud battle noise in a war dance than if these black sons sing a Christian choral that is alien to their nature and is forced on them with cunning and persuasive skill. As long as black hearts still beat in their own land, one should leave the Negroes alone with mission. Negroes should remain Negroes. One wants to bring soul salvation to the heathens. But one takes away their own nature, which is their task.

Indeed, what an un-German manner to force his faith on another human being. It is German manner to pronounce sacred freedom of conscience. But it is also German duty to exterminate the alien. For the alien is contrary to God.

Hence German faith will force its relationship to God upon no one. Each should seek his own path. But none should seek it in Rome or in Jerusalem. Germany is our promised land.

That will be our religion, which is not forced upon us with trickery and force, which grows slowly in our hearts and matures like the forest in the storm, until it will one day be shared by all Germans, faith, yearning and homeland at the same time.

For the second time, the German soul has rebelled against Holy Rome in one man, whom we count among the greatest Germans; Martin Luther. The Protestant has since rested on the laurels of this hero. It has stopped at the grave of

this fighter and has not dared the next step. Because of that, it has become old and sickens away.

When then the spring storms of the German resurrection shook its gates and a sacred enthusiasm screamed for new deeds, the church neither heard the cry nor opened the gates. The storm has passed by it. Yes, it had nothing better to do than to add some new ones to the large number of its institutions and sects. What a harmful fact that, even in the greatest and ultimate thing, in the faith in god, the Germans are not united! The sorry image of denominational fragmentation and the schism in faith alone already gives us the duty to stand up for a new German faith. How should Christianity become united, if every scholarly theologian believes he alone has correctly read and understood the scriptures? If even today one is not sure what is God's word and what is not? If for five hundred years Catholicism and Protestantism face each other as mortal enemies, only because of a few letters? Who should still believe in a single Christian church, if even a denomination cannot keep its faithful together?

Whoever fights for the Reich s existence has the duty to exterminate the denominations, not faith in God. For we are not the servants of churches and the menials of dogmas. We serve our folk. That is why God put us on earth. Just as once the squabbling of the parties made our folk

weak and unhappy and had to be ripped from the German heart, so must we now overcome the denominations in order to become not just a folk with the same uniform and the same greeting, rather to become one in heart and soul. This great day is our deepest yearning.

Religion has today petrified into science; a problem about which scholars argue. Books are written about faith. But with cool reason instead of with hot heart. Religion is calculated. God is sought in books and formulas. Just not where he speaks the loudest: In life. Truly! We must start from the beginning in order to again make faith rooted in popular sentiment.

A religion that seeks its strength in knowledge and not in faith, which gives satisfaction and fulfilment instead of awakening yearning, which speaks of God instead of living in God, which clings to what happens but once and does not believe in the constant revelation of everything eternal, this religion is no religion.

Hence I see only one danger for the German faith: That it becomes a conflict of the scholars. What almost all non-Christian religious movements lack is the primeval, popular soaring that pulls along the broad mass. For it is not about convincing a few scholars. It is about exciting and winning a folk. One must talk religion in straightforward German. For the question of faith is a question of the heart. Hence once should also speak to the hearts and not appeal to reason.

Certainly, the Germans' path to their God is so simple and clear that it is hard for us to still say a lot about it. It is so near and seems so self-evident to us who stride toward it. But that is precisely why most do not find it. They are over-educated and over-schooled.

It is Christianity's fault that the Germans have become alien to themselves. The oriental Bible could probably occupy the Germans for a time. But it is too narrow and rigid in order to awaken in their hearts that yearning that always pushed without intermediary to the divine depths. That hot yearning that demands work, service and sacrifice.

We have the task to release ourselves from a centuries long tradition that tied our hearts and subjugated our souls. From which we sicken since the time when the Irminsul broke and the Galgatha cross was erected. We have the task to cast off all foreign plunder, to break off the dream of angel paradise and to return to the earth. We have the task to be nothing but Germans.

The German does not want to read his faith from books. He wants to seek it himself, he wants to win it, to wrestle it from life. Even if he needs a whole life for it. Not only the German scholar wants that. The man in the factory and in the field want that much more, more passionately, more honestly. For his hard labour smashes all the pretty theories that the pastor demands from

him. It is easy for him to talk about faith and love in his warm room and on his high pulpit.

No! If you want to proclaim German faith, then you must go into the factories, into the mines, onto the fields. Then you must descend from your pulpits, must leave the churches' altars and step to the folk's altars! Then you must no longer cling to dogma and letters, for the German heart is broad and great. Then you must not ask: What stands written? Then you must ask: What does the German want? Whither draws his yearning? What are his sacred possessions? Where does he seek his God?

Then the testaments will fall, then a Christian era will come to an end. A new life will shape itself a new faith that will be eternally young, but eternally seeking. Because life is eternal and because the ultimate thing eternally remains surmising and yearning to us.

We also have no time in order to argue over words. Whether we speak of religion, of faith or piety, is not important. Whether we call the ultimate thing God, Light, Providence or Primal Force, is all the same. Important is only that we do not say Judah, also not Rome, rather Germany.

I speak of faith. Faith is not holding true and affirming. It does not suffice to just affirm a creator and to nonetheless live against his laws. We must make his laws the laws of our life. An affirmation is also useless, if one does not act accordingly. Hence faith is not knowledge of a

higher power, rather obligation to live according to the eternal, divine laws. Hence faith is life in God. That is German faith.

We want a new faith. We mean by that not a new church, rather a new man and a new life. And ultimately a new community that is rooted in blood and draws its energies from homeland soil. The new faith must grow out of German blood and German earth, if it ever wants to become homeland and strength for us. For what made us sick in Christianity was the lack of religiosity on our part. It was the religious theory alien to our nature with which we tormented ourselves for two millennia.

For the German, instead of bleeding dry in the Orient, wanted to turn his step forward to Germany, seek and return to his own nature, which was almost lost to him due to all the pondering!

Poor Germans! As basis of your faith you take the history of a foreign folk, precisely the Jews. Don't you have any history of your own? Must you then always search for the foreign, where the native lies so close? The history of our folk is our holy scripture. It is written with blood. When I today look into the Old testament with nonChristian eyes, this unholy scripture, then I am gripped by a sacred rage how long one fed us Germans with these scoundrel stories; in us simple, blind, harmless Germans killed the faith in ourselves so that Jewry would appear in the right

light. Between the lines I then see the Jew grinning, the eternal denier and destroyer, this parasitical, chosen devil folk. As long as we were not seeing, so long were we poor.

Take this book and burn it at consecrated sites! Carry the flames into your hearts! They are the light. And thank God that he sent to you a leader! That is the day of the Lord, on which the chains break.

We contest that the folks and races of the earth can reach their God only on a single path, through Christ. We contest that this path as a once only revelation is dictated for them for all time. That without it they are the devil's base creatures. People are not divided into Christian and heathens. For they are all religious and heathen at the same time. God created people according to races and folks and set his faith into the blood of each. Meaning of creation is that each blood takes its own path according to the laws of its kind, which we acknowledge as divine.

And where should this kind not be at work deeper and purer than in the faith that binds the hearts to God! It is not our task to force a new faith upon German man or to teach new ideas and forms. We only want to awaken energies and yearnings that since primeval times slumber in German hearts like a pile of wood that needs a spark from outside in order to ignite and blaze brightly upward to the sky. If the Germans are Germans again and follow the pure voice of their

blood, then they come to German faith on their own.

For if they do not even speak German to their God, if religiously they cannot even feel and yearn according to their nature, that means at the very bottom of their great soul, what are they then?

Faith to us is not a means for salvation from the woe of this earth. It is the expression of a folk's deepest energies of its essence, eternal obligation of man to god to live in the community in which we have been born.

Faith for us is not right of blessedness, rather duty to the struggle for folk and blood. It is all the same to us, whether in the eyes of a Christian academia we hence deserve heaven or hell. For the following thing totally separates us from Christianity:

We want no reward in the form of a carefree continued life after death. That is liberal, Jewish merchant spirit! If you believe, pray, confess, fast and do penitence, then heaven is certain for you! No! Work, fight and believe in your folk! Ask not about reward and ask not for your life! Ask: How can I serve my folk? Live accordingly, then you have done your duty!

Our folk, the community, is for us supreme law. This law is for us inviolate, divine, eternal. So we no longer ask: What stands written? What does Rome say about it? So we ask: What does the law want? What does the community want?

Hence our asking ends with God. For he is lawgiver across times and worlds. And there is only one original sin in the world: to scorn God's laws. Hence Christianity and German faith are as different as water and fire.

Christianity has constructed a beyond and hence dictated to the Almighty the laws of his action. Therein lies the core and the inner impermanence of the oriental doctrine.

German piety accepts the laws of god and nature as revelation and builds its life and its faith according to them.

Therein lies the eternalness and strength of German faith.

Hence the birth hour of true to nature thought and faith is the death hour for Christianity. We Germans are called upon by fate as first to break with Christianity. It should be an honour for us.

Christianity resembles a temple that human hands have piled up out of stones. Many generations have worked on it. But the work rested for a few centuries. Meanwhile, time has weathered it, and the weather has gnawed at its stones. Today, as one prepares to give it a roof, the foundation walls collapse. For they have become rotten and full of cracks. So the whole building must collapse even before it was finished.

German faith will work differently. It will grow like an oak, on homeland soil and under German sky. And from its fruits new energies will

be born again and again, new seed. It will defy the storms and the ages, strong and young, as long as there is a Germany.

One says to us today: You cannot erase from history a thousand years of Christianity and replace it with a new faith.

We do not want to remove Christianity from history. What happened, happened. One will one day characterize Christianity as a tragic necessity for the Germans. The German folk, after long straying, has finally found its way home and, after bitter suffering and grave disappointment, had to fight hard for its faith. That is good. For the German must first lie on the ground before he becomes seeing. But when he then sees, he never again lets go. Yes, we want to begin a new German era. We renounce the faith of the past. We do not shun scorn and punishment for the deed we find good. What have you Christians done then? You have ignored a many thousands of years long development of Germanic man and his world of faith. You have forced upon him a doctrine that is not German. You have taught to despise the ancestors and have not asked about their yearning and about their faith. But today the ancestors stand up. And your dogma remains no more than an episode in the mighty space of German man!

When will Hermann the liberator and not Christ finally become the German hero of the first half millennia ?

One reproaches us of supposedly being Odin worshipers. Odin is dead. But Germany lives. And our ancestors, whom one decried as crude barbarians in a Christian age, are worth serving as examples today. Their fighting bearing and their pure soul give us more than the stories of Jewish apostles. Once, one withheld their stories from us. Certainly, such examples are not suitable for the cowards, the lukewarm and half-hearted!

Today there are still people who would like to believe that German history first starts with Charlemagne. And what lies before that, is heathen. And this kind of educated people has hellish respect for the heathens. No, the history of our folk begins when for the first time a human being of our blood walked across the earth. History is the path and the deed of the blood. Whoever wants to write history, must write the history of the blood.

The church today summons for the defence of Christian culture. The call comes too late. The age of a Christian culture is past. We have begun a German age. And in that, only a German culture determines.

In politics, we stride forward with huge steps. If we want to fulfil our cultural task, we must penetrate to the depth. For genuine cultural achievements are born form the folk's deep essence. Culture is more than the product of a band of artists. Culture is the expression of a folk's spiritual bearing. It is always tied to the

racial, folkish native kind (Eigenart). There is no international culture. For us, there can also be no Christian one. It is impossible for one to dance the same dances in Paris, in Rome and in Berlin, sing the same songs or build the same cathedrals, that Japanese, Negroes, Indians and Germans have the same affirmation and live the same life.

If culture grows from a folk's race soul, then religion especially is determined by race and folk. For culture, in the final sense, is religious reality. And all art is carried by the yearning for God.

The church defends itself today as well as it can. It tries to save what is still to be saved. In the process, every method is fine to it. Motto: Faith alone

makes blessed! Today, everybody is supposed to suddenly become Christian. The law for the prevention of genetically ill offspring is torn apart at the pulpit. And look! Naturally everything purely Christian thinking!

I ask: Was it not Christianity that, with its rigid, life-alien dogmas, hampered the breakthrough of the National Socialist idea; that labelled us godless and deniers, only because we finally wanted to arrange our lives according to the real laws of God and nature? The church has had two thousand years' time to introduce steps in order to finally shape mankind into a purer, higher-striving breed. It has not only done nothing, rather it has, after all, deformed into a blockage. No, first the Fiihrer and his movement had to come in order to, decried as heretics,

recognize and form the genuine divine will. Christianity has failed and thus rung in its death hour.

Truly, one could write a chapter about Christianity with the title: Blasphemy. How powerful and unique is God! And how have the Christians debased him! Where we remain silent in devotion and reverence, they deliver propaganda speeches. Where a dark surmising and hot yearning passes through our soul, they dare to speak of knowledge and fulfilment. They force God into letters and formulas, they quarrel for centuries of dogmas and words, they mock God's power in ridiculous stories about miracles with which one can convert Negroes. They amass church treasures and preach poverty and renunciation. They do missionary work in the African bush while the greatest culture folk staggers toward political and religious decline and the godless push forward step by step. They praise charity and community in Christ and fragment into countless denominations and sects. They preach heaven and forget that this means our Germany; that it lies on earth; that God has entrusted it to us as a task that we must fulfil. They build their church on Jewish history. Truly! We stand in the beginnings. Our words may sound loud and arrogant to the old. They have been born from the purest, deepest yearning, to which belongs courage and hot faith from German hearts and German blood.

What will the path to German faith be like?

It will be difficult. Because it will be a living spirit of the deed that tolerates neither ascetics nor blabbers nor dreamers, rather demands the whole human being.

And it will be easy. Because it wants to arrange our life according to the natural laws of God. Because it is nothing but the return and contemplation into ourselves. Because it has always grown in German hearts and is as simple, genuine and self-evident as the words of a child.

From where do we take the strength for faith?

We believe in the victory of German faith, because we believe in the greatness of German essence. If the Christians could surmise how deep and mighty our faith works, none would still speak of idol worship, Odin cult and superficiality. The German heart is big enough to give birth to its own faith.

They descend from Nordic blood, these Germans. They are the descendants of a strong, free, pious breed. Heroes have stridden through their history, men of their blood, who stamped a new countenance onto the world, whose working moved people for centuries. One calls them the folk of poets and thinkers. They have survived a war against the world and are in the process of being the youngest, strongest folk. And these Germans are not supposed to possess the strength to awaken and to shape their own faith? The faith that arises from the German depth of soul. Which

fulfils yearnings that have fermented and struggled in German hearts for centuries. Since the time when foreign priests brought us a foreign doctrine that did not allow us to become Germans, rather international Christians. Since that unfortunate, but still willed by fate, time and even before!

Who still doubts that? He would have to be no German.

Our faith is carried by two ideas: God and folk. They are the holiest and highest ideas that we know. As old as the human species is the question about the deepest sources of our life. As long as human beings exist, they have pondered and searched: Who is God? Where is God? Some found him in light, in nature, in life. Their religions have been young and strong, because they derive from the eternal. And only healthy and strong folks could be bearers of this healthy faith.

Others have not penetrated so deep. Because their hearts no longer pulsed pure and powerful, because their blood was poisoned. Or because their nature demanded a Biblical God. How could a folk in whose land “milk and honey flowed”, to whom heaven brought the harvest with arms spread wide, achieve that serious faith of fate (Schicksalsglaube) of Nordic man, who struggled with the earth and with his fate? The oriental, from whose homeland Christianity came to us, has only remained an observer of god. His soul has never been able to soar into those pure heights in which Nordic man strides powerful and devout. Since he never had to win his God over doubting and seeking, rather just saw how he

bestowed and punished, his last question went: Who is God? So he created for himself an image of that power that we dare only to surmise. He gave him the shape and language and the weaknesses and strengths of human spirit. He forced the divinity into letters and formulas. And a Christian church finally set them into chains. God just was no longer a clever, powerful being in human form, who sat on his throne up there in heaven as a kind father or punishing master, with whom one could talk and trade, yes, whom one could deceive and trick. The “Holy Scriptures” are full of such blasphemy. The Christian God is derived from this Jewish God of imperfection. The dear, all-knowing father, who also sits in heaven and gave his commandments to us, sinful earthworms.

God speaks: “You should honour father and mother, so that things go well for you and you live long on earth.”

Yes, we want to gratefully honour our parents. But we renounce a reward for it in the form of a good, long life. We would have to be pitiful,

ungrateful children, if we even wanted a reward for a self-evident duty. We want no reward, not even from God.

What kind of God is that who speaks such blasphemous words? Our hearts demand deeper, more genuine piety. What kind of God at all is that who lets mankind live for hundreds of thousands of years before Jesus, then commands

it ten commandments, which are self-evident to any halfway decent human being, and who after two millennia must already allow himself to be taught that he has forgotten the most important thing: You must preserve the purity of your blood!

This God is not the true God. He is the madeup image of a church that without it would have lost the justification for its existence. Hence the church today resists for all it is worth giving up making the folks stupid.

They speak of the God of love. Love cannot be the essence of the divine. Otherwise there would be no folks and no wars. If only the wise theologians would for once leave their narrow scholar rooms and dusty books and want to cast a look into nature, into life! No love triumphs, rather strength. The strength of will, of faith and of blood. The strong rules, the weak is ruled. In the process, love is not asked about. Hence we do not speak of a God of love. If we, small human beings are able to recognize only one feature of the eternal, then it is the force the all-working and all-existing force, which forever remains a secret to us. Hence we do not entreat the dear God.

Hence we affirm the strong God, the God of energy. Hence our ideal as well is not the longsuffering person, rather the hero.

The German is born a God searcher. His final question is not about the image of the divinity.

40

For millennia, his yearning has not driven him toward God’s face. It drives him to recognise the will of that force that is all-working and allexisting, to seek the tracks of that force, light, truth. Hence we will eternally be God

searcher and builder. For it is the nature of the divine that it eternally remains for us just surmising and yearning. We know of it only that it exists. And even if human beings one day fly to the stars, God will always remain intangible for them.

Where is God? That is the question that the German puts to fate. He has not found the answer in books, rather where God is present. In Life.

Germanic light religion was not idol worship and barbarian cult. Where could the eternal reveal itself to Germanic man purer and mightier than in that power that wrestles daily with darkness and yet again and again remains victor, which gives earth life and fertility and human beings light and bread! And what is the yearning for light and for life other than the yearning for God! It was not the sun as a fireball that Germanic man admired in sacred reverence, rather the eternal force that the sun gave him, which works behind and above light, around which his being and yearning orbited. Hence he built no temples and gave it no face. Not out of inability, rather out of piety. And in all of us there still live a piece of the light faith of the old, of the faith that was born in nature, out of the blood. Which was strong and plain, which irradiated millennia and will be the roots for a

new piety out of German nature. This faith is more genuine and divine than the constructed saviour doctrine.

We do not say, pray to the sun and awaken forms that are already long dead and gone. Today we do not live in a Stone Age. We are human beings of the twentieth century, the age of motors and machines. But we can receive one thing as legacy: To again think more simply and believe more plainly. We Germans must again think more with the heart.

We must no longer believe the pastors so much. We must no longer cling to their words so naively and loyally. We must pick up the nature of their language. We must listen for the genuine, original. We must again become human beings who are at home on the earth, who stand in the world firmly with both feet and elevate their homeland to holy land. We always think only about how we are masters of machines. We often forget that we are children of God’s earth, which gave birth to us. But that can never make us feel small and servile. That makes us sure of the world, safe in the earth.

We refuse to argue about God. He was, he is and will be in eternity. We human beings are too small for the concept “eternity”. We do not want to advise, rather in reverence remain silent, surmise in the heart and speak in faith.

We believe in that God, the foundation of all existence, the secret of all life, who reveals

himself in nature’s eternal becoming and passing. Who constantly strides up and down through history. Who appears in the thunder of battles. Who roars in the storm over seas and through forests and calls us to be strong. We believe in the God who put us human beings on earth so that we live for our folk. Who gave into our blood the strength to struggle and to believe. We believe in the God who laughs toward us from children’s eyes. Who lives in the mineworks and factories and everywhere the breath of work blows. Who shines in the stars and blazes in the flags.

God stands over us, high like the sky. He works around us. And we carry him ourselves in the heart as a sacred, pure possession, which does not elevate us above him. This makes us tremble before his greatness and plain truth. This obligates us to live, that means, to live and to shape ourselves. In our hearts he calls and creates. Only many people do no hear him, because they had been educated for Sunday religion, which one finishes in church. Because one did not lead them to the religion of life, which is rooted so healthy and deep in the genuine that it seems to us too simple and self-evident. We believe in the living God. For us it is the godless and superficial to banish the eternal Almighty in letters and make him speak in a “holy scriptures”.

We fetch our faith not from books and empty commandments. We draw it from daily life, from

the experience of folk and history, from race and blood, from homeland soil.

Many may call that frivolity and arrogance. We call it German piety.

Our piety - if we want to call the relationship man to god so - demands no intermediary. Our path to god is a straight and direct one. It is a sign of the rigidity of our time that one seeks God in books and sermons, when he steps before us a thousand-fold in life.

Who thinks about the “holy scriptures”, if he is silent at night before the expanse of the universe and his heart trembles in reverence. A gaze at the stars tells us more than a thousand Bible words.

What do I think about on a radiant Easter morning? About the greening and sprouting in nature. About the laughing sky and sunshine. Who thinks about Jesus during this celebration of awakening, greening earth? We are all heathens, after all. Because we are God’s children.

Who asks for a pastor, if in a sacred rally a hundred thousand people affirm Germany and sing the Niederlandisches Dankgebet? Is that not a direct experience of God?

Who wants to deny that God’s directness testifies to the deepest faith? Who wants to claim that the person who pushes to the divine depths without intermediaries and without priests does not bear the deepest piety in his heart? Who seeks and experiences his God where he strides

through life eternal and mighty? For whom all words and dogmas are too small and narrow, for whom the letter of the law and book learning only block the path to God? Who wants to still speak there of false faith and godlessness? What pious people are we heathens, after all!

We contest that there is a human being who can represent the divinity on earth. We contest that he or any cleric stands closer to his God than you and I. Before the creator and preserver, we human beings are all the same. He looks into the heart, not the garment, also not at the position claimed.

I say that the mightiest Pope does not stand all that much closer than the last heathen peasant who laboriously struggles with the soil. I say that many Popes who elevated themselves to representatives of their Lord, and with

them a whole army of priests, today roast in hell as poor sinners according to their own doctrine. I say that the final truth does not stand in the Bible, not even the relative truth, rather that the final truth rests in the eternal laws of God's nature.

It is our misfortune that we possess a paid class of spiritual guardians to whose membership unfortunately only seldom calling belongs.

If today a SA captain (Sturmfuhrer) speaks about duty and faith at the grave of a comrade, then perhaps he might not produce so many pretty words. But they are sacred and pious to him as well. No book scholar is required who on

the basis of studies talks about divine values. A man is required who proves his faith through life, through living as an example.

Whoever has never had to earn his bread in difficult days through his hands' work and his head's industriousness should not step up to the pulpit and talk about faith and about hope. He does not know life. Where there is work, there is life. Where there is life, there is God.

One day the company commander himself will train his soldiers to become devout Germans and will organize the celebrations himself. And I think he will be able to do it better than any cleric, whom an international institution forbids becoming a soldier.

Our religious service as well will carry a different countenance. They call that religious service, church attendance. That sounds as if one could perform his duties to God in the morning, two hours with prayers, songs and devotion. Then the sins are forgiven. And one can sin anew.

Religious service for us is life, for us is duty. Religious service is service to the folk from the beginning to the last heartbeat. Whoever uses these great words for whatever church act that last from 9 to 11, misuses these words, is small in faith.

We do not want to tear down the cathedrals. We want to fill them with a new spirit; we want to proclaim a new faith in them. But for us cathedrals

are also the movement's consecration

sites, are Thing sites and halls, in which the folk comes together in order to affirm Germany. But no cathedral is more beautiful and mightier than nature, in which God lives and speaks to us.

The city and village communities will come together for celebration hours in clan houses and honour halls, not as denominations or sects, rather as community of folk, blood and faith. And each should help shape these celebrations. The tormenting, pain-distorted figure of the crucifix will disappear. Our heroes must again carry swords in their hands instead of crosses on their backs. The dead soldier of the World War will be the eternal admonisher and herald. And with him all who ever fell for Germany. These heroes will be our saints. The Germans should strengthen their hearts from them. There is then no longer any free space for procession columns, relic faith and oriental sinner complexes. The iron step of the battalions and companies will march over them. We must take off the garment of the penitent and sinner and must become a folk of soldiers. Soldiers of war, soldiers of work. Soldiers of the folk.

Beyond that, each should seek his own path to the divine. For each is different. And each has the task to live himself. Not for himself. For the community, to which he belongs. Life in God means: live his kind, German kind, and be obedient to the voice of the blood.

There are hours in which the individual must leave the community in order to be alone with himself and with his God. In which nobody can help him, because each has his own fate. These hours of solitude are not lost, rather fruitful. For they give the human being strength, which he passes along to the community.

The question remains whether one should pray.

Yes, he can indeed. But he just does not mumble any requests. He does not beg for mercy and compassion. The divinity is for him too great and too mighty for him to be able to constantly ask him for the fulfilment of his

wishes. That would seem to him too cowardly and too Christian. His prayers are settling accounts with himself, are confessions such as Hutten spoke them. Not before human being, rather before God and before his own conscience.

His prayers are dialogues without intermediary with his god, whom he knows above him, in difficult hour; whom he does not entreat, but whose proximity and directness injects him with energy and courage to overcome difficult blows of fate. His prayers are oaths and sacred promises to do his duty and stand straight in life and in death.

A man does not ask that the chalice pass him. He asks for strength and hardness to survive the struggle of life and its storms. And if everything forsakes him, people and good fortune, then he

does not fall to his knees whining. Then his trust in God keeps him upright, which one cannot buy and cannot beg, that rests in the heart and works as final support and deepest thought.

Certainly, so many and pretty words, such as the clerics feign, do not belong to manly prayer. Only just a short, inner pulling oneself together, a standing up and oath, a look at the leader or at the flag, a friendly word, an experience of nature suffices.

Often there is hot, days-long inner struggling of the soul, desperate hours, in which one wrestles one’s way to the light.

And another time just one word suffices, which comes from the heart as affirmation, as yearning or as ultimate faith: Germany.

(5ettncmy

I know no word that sounds more beautiful, that is more precious and sacred than this: Germany!

It is homeland, river of blood, yearning, affirmation, faith.

I have been born for Germany. My life and my death are dedicated to it; I am not free, if it lies in chains. I cannot live, if it dies. For without Germany my life has no meaning. It is a sacred possession that I carry within me. Final support and final thought in all my action.

Germany is more than I can say in words.

I have seen the Alp giants in the radiance of the evening sun, in the cold morning mist. I have wandered alone through the heath and have absorbed the solitude into myself. I have climbed mountains and strode through flowery valleys. I have heard the forests speak and rustle. I have experienced the sea, the voice of the storm which races over the waves. I have flown above clouds at the dawn of day. My heart beat freer and higher.

I have been at home everywhere. I have felt the mother, the homeland, everywhere: Germany.

I have been with the peasant on the field and have talked with him heart to heart. I have gone into the workplaces and have seen seriousness

and faith in the countenance of working people. I have been a soldier and made duty my law. I have sat in the circle of happy youth and have seen the laughter in their eyes. I have felt something of the yearning that calls the Germans in foreign lands to the homeland.

And I have felt Germany everywhere. For it is greater and broader than the sea, than the clouds and than the heath. Germany is everywhere German

blood pulses in German hearts. Yes, it is even mightier, even holier. I know it, because I am a child of the Great War. Because I have stood in the battle for the new Reich. Germany is more than the homeland of the Germans. More than a community of blood.

Germany is everywhere. And has never yet been. And never will be. For it is the eternal divine task for all Germany in all times. Never will the Germans find their Germany, although they themselves live in it. Eternally must they search and struggle. That is their fate and their good fortune. Germany is more than a geographic concept.

Germany is an idea. Because it is eternal.

We have sought the term Germany in vain in the books and commandments of the Christians. Where does the term fatherland stand in the Bible even once? At most in the beyond. Our fatherland, however, lies neither in heaven nor in Judah nor in Rome. Our fatherland is called Germany. It lies on earth and is eternal, divine,

sacred. Whoever dedicates himself to it performs religious service.

For two millennia the church has been preaching love. It believes in the Ten Commandments and has forgotten the most important thing:

You should love above all things your fatherland, the eternal, the divine, the sacred. You should consecrate your life to it and sacrifice yourself up to death!

One should not say that this commandment is self-evident. For the Christian church, it has never been self-evident. The Catholic church today, just like five hundred years ago, still strives for a Christian church state in which the folks bow under the cross.

A church that receives its direction of faith from the head of this international power is no German church. It will also never become a German one.

But in the Protestant church as well, the love for Judah is greater than the love for the fatherland. Otherwise it would not have been able to sleep through the great hour of awakening. Otherwise it would not have had to order an intercession prayer for the folk plebiscite. Should that not be self-evident for a church? Not for a Christian church, apparently.

No! The church has down to this day not yet comprehended the mission of the folks. It has

trampled on nature starting with Christ's birth down to the present day.

We believe in the strong God. We believe that this God created the folks. And to each folk he gave the task to live itself, its own kind, and to struggle for itself. Each folk has a right to life and to respect, which it deserves according to this its noble kind. And every person has the iron duty to first serve his folk, to consecrate his existence to it. That sounds so simple, self-evident. But so distant for many people precisely because, overeducated and over-schooled, they dream about the kingdom in the beyond.

Germany is our fatherland; it is for us revelation of the divine. Task and assignment from eternity. Hence we cannot separate Germany from the divine. The German soul is only then free, if the faith in God and the faith in Germany have merged into one ardent faith and form an inseparable union. For the faith in Germany is simultaneously an affirmation of God. If we serve the one, then we must also work for the other. Only an international, world-alien Christianity thinks it can separate the creator from his work. And it must hence separate itself from the folk.

Hence our fatherland is reality. Hence Germany is a religious idea.

We believe in this Germany. And we cannot simultaneously believe in a kingdom in the beyond, for we must live for our folk and not for

our personal bliss. We also cannot affirm the Occident, to which the bells in Germany still call today. For Germany is our sacred earth. We also cannot listen to the banter of world-alien priests. For whoever believes in Rome,

cannot believe in Germany. We cannot live two different faiths. In our hearts there is only room for one faith, one affirmation: Germany!

Germany is eternal concept. If Christianity one day belongs to the past, Germany will first begin to live.

The Christians say: “Yes, the folk needs a support upon which it can lift itself up and strengthen itself. But this support is trust in its own strength, the faith in its future. And if it needs examples, then precisely the German folk can do without foreign leaders. For it possesses sons enough, men who give the world an example. We need no examples alien to our kind and to our folk. We find our leaders in the great Germans of the past and in the great men of the present.”

Unique! One never thinks first of the obvious.

The faith in the Bible and Jesus is then overcome, if all Germans have found their religious service in working for folk and Reich. Then they are religious, without thinking about salvation in Christ, because they consciously fulfil the task that God has given them as a people.

The Germans never let themselves be aligned to Jesus. He is long-suffering. We need a folk of

fighters and heroes. Not the loving, but the heathen man is what we want to raise. We owe that to our creator.

The saviour is a noble figure. Egotistical and power-hungry little men have turned his doctrine into a mockery and violated and betrayed his pure soul. Truly! If the Master would be resurrected today and could see what people have made out of his life and out of his words, then he would take the whip and chase the priests from their lodgings like he once drove the moneychangers out of the temple.

We respect the saviour. But we do not love him. And we reject him as leader. We need no long-suffering people who go through life like pure

fools, renounce the world and die for heaven. We need leaders who can strike with the sword, who are defiant across heights and through depths, are at home in difficult struggle and declare war against fate.

Charity remains eternal theory. For two millennia the church has been trying to turn people into loving brothers. It has neither been able to unite a folk, let alone pacify the world. In the sign of love it has slaughtered millions of people and driven to death. It called that practical charity.

There is no longer any room for this kind of love. Community of folk and blood has replaced it. It has forged our folk together. Not in the faith in Jesus, in the faith in Eternal Germany! This

faith has been created for practice. And it will be preached in Germany, this we swear, until it will one day be shared by all Germans. And we will live this faith until it becomes the life of the whole folk. Christianity has for a long time no longer been the fire that blazes to heaven. It has sunk to a means of comfort. If today the priests call to battle, to the crusade for their holy church, then they become afraid due to the small band that is still ready to risk their life for the idea of the church.

But if the fatherland calls to arms, then a folk rises up in arms. Then hearts stand up.

One can measure the value of a faith by the possessions that people throw on the scale for it. For the Christian faith, the philistine German today sacrifices his church taxes, his collection pennies, at most a Sunday morning. For the faith in Germany, our best have fallen. A soldier who dies for the Christian church is a mockery of a soldier's death. One who only dies for what one believes in. And conversely: One believes in what is worth dying for.

I find the words of a priest, which he spoke at a heroes' memorial, even today to be a desecration of death for the fatherland. He said: one could probably sometimes die in the belief in loyalty or in the fatherland. But the best soldier is the Christian one, who dies for Jesus. I ascribe this debasement of the will to sacrifice of our war

heroes to the general world alienation of the priests. But there is no excuse for it.

The Christian militiaman was solemnly carried to the grave in the World War. At the front no soldier gave up his life for Christianity. The German soldier arose from the bloody trenches of the struggle of the folks. What gave him the strength to fight and to die was the faith in Germany, which is sacred. And there are no Christian soldiers in Germany today. Soldiers belong to their fatherland.

Christianity cannot be the goal for the soldier. His goal is the honour of the folk he serves, yes, Christian faith cannot even remain the strength of hearts. For it is the faith of the weak and small. One should not always call Arndt, Bismarck and Schiller great Christians. They were more than Christians. Compare Arndt's "Catechism for the German Soldier and Militiaman" with the Ten Commandments or with the soft demands of the "New Testament". Whoever then still claims Germandom and Christianity belong together is either a fool or a coward. And one cannot help those.

One reproaches us that we are supposedly heathens. It is necessary to clarify this concept for once. Heathen is anybody who does not believe in Christ. But whoever does not affirm Christianity is still far from godless, rather he simply believes in a different God. And two thirds of mankind count among these heathens. What an arrogance

of the Christian church to elevate its dogma as solely beatific for the whole world! What is that for a God who gives mercy and bliss to a small portion of mankind and denies mercy to the great majority and abandons it in depravity and wickedness to the devil!

But very few of these heathens are really godless. They have instead created a religion that corresponds to their nature. And may God protect them from the insanity of a Christian idea of mankind! We have felt on our own body what it means to be alienated from oneself. We wish upon no folk this painful, ruinous injection. We also do not mourn for any priest who is slain by heathens, because he wants to steal their holiest thing. And we

recommend to them the example of the Frisians who performed the service of sending Saint Boniface and his whole entourage to heaven. Unfortunately, too late. For he had already sold the Germans to Rome.

Hence the name heathen is a name of honour. Furthermore, it is all the same to us whether one calls us heretics or heathens, if we are just always good Germans.

If we proclaim faith in Eternal Germany, we thereby close the era of religious quarrels. For who among us does not want to affirm this faith? He would be a reveller and traitor and have no place among us. If we elevate the Germans' fatherland, their folk, to religious task, then it can no longer go: Give onto Caesar that which is

Caesar's and give onto the church that which is the church's. Then we know only one commandment: Everything for Germany!

But whoever believes in Germany, also believes in God. But whoever takes Christ as his leader does not need to believe in Germany. Christianity is international. We are German. Hence we can be no Christians.

One asks us: What will your dogma be called?

We reject every dogma. Dogmas are rigid and stiff. We want a living faith. Dogmas are indeed the death of every religion. For faith does not allow itself to be pressed into formulas and sentences. Faith is lived, or it is not it.

Not of dogmas, but of a new bearing do we want to speak. Of a hard, plain, heathen life bearing. We need it more than Bibles and dogmas. We want to train it into the Germans, that means live it as an example so that they can succeed in life with it. Religion is a life bearing. Our bearing no longer has anything in common with Christianity. The age of saints and priests is at an end. We begin the era of the soldiers.

One asks us what affirmations we have.

Talk has since then been of our affirmation. For nobody can doubt it. It cannot be argued over. But we do not stop with just an affirmation. Affirmations are useless, if not acted on accordingly. They are not spoken. One must live them. They are also not defended on the pulpit, rather in the struggle with the sword. We do not

talk much about it. We do not belong to those who sometimes feel driven to attest their love for Germany and their loyalty to the Fiihrer through blazing telegrams and long articles.

We swore loyalty one time. Scoundrel, whoever does not hold to it.

The affirmation of faith, however, of a national religion - if there should be one at all will go:

1 believe in the strong God and in his Eternal Germany!

Life is eternal. It flows onward like the river of the blood, which comes from eternity, which generations carry through the ages, which flows back into the expanse of the divine.

Life is mystery. It does not begin with birth and does not end in death. It is the blossoming, the maturing and fruit-bearing. It is the light that never extinguishes, for which we eternally search.

Like the waves of the sea that eternally rise and fall in the fluctuation of the seasons, like God’s thoughts, in which he strides through history. Which are created once, but give birth to themselves again and again.

Life is deeds in which the hero strides forward. Which labour forward across mountains and depths, through night to the light. Life is God’s breath, which blows trough the world in becoming and passing.

A link in the chain of eternity is our life. A tiny span in God’s space. For us human beings, however, a mighty duty.

What have little people made out of this light? Procreation was shamed as sin. Wife and mother as bearer of life were dishonoured as vessels of sin

and temptation of the devil. She was degraded to maid of the man. Those are the sins of

Christianity, which despises the most primitive and most natural laws of life and is surpassed in that only by Bolshevism.

Life was no more than a preparation for death, which opened the gates to eternal life. The more one renounced life, the more certain heavenly bliss was, a life without cares and torments. In this life renunciation, we say life denial, the saints of the church always tried to surpass each other. The sinful joys of life were dismissed as the devil's temptations and the drive for them deadened. They walked around in filth and rags, vegetated from garbage and beggar pennies and housed in caves and cages in order to wait for death there, which released them from all suffering. They called that life. Then they crawled into cloisters and deserts. But nature demands its due. And so the saints and priests sinned more than a God can ever forgive.

It is time for the "Pfaffenspiegel" to be read in school so that, if not the old, then the young awaken and no longer run to the priests. For the theory of sin and doctrine of mercy can only be the invention of a priest caste that cannot live without it. It can only be the interest of the powerful in their benefices to torment people in eternal terror and fear of the Last Judgement, to preach original sin and to present mercy through Jesus as the sole escape. For if people get the idea that the meaning of fight is to be seen in struggle and in affirming instead of in long-suffering and

denying, then the church collapses like a house of cards in the wind.

It is one of the greatest tactlessness acts of world history that for two millennia the church has its followers kneel before a saviour who is put on display nailed to the cross, crying, bleeding, with pain-distorted face and with a twisting body, so that the poor sinners, after all, do not get the idea one can also bear one's own guilt. I saw the picture of a penitent procession in which masked figures dragged themselves under huge wooden crosses through the streets. Are those still human beings at all? Are those not servants?

For what did God give us life? We stand in reverence before mighty God. But that is too much. That is servile attitude, cowardice. They are no excesses. That is the most straightforward consequence of Christianity's doctrine of renunciation and the beyond. And if today most Germans recognize this insanity and this crime against God's will, then surely not because they follow a pure Christianity, rather because the German in them is stronger than the Christian. Because healthy human common sense has opened their eyes.

Today we begin to pronounce life sacred, because we sense it in the working of the divine. To be born, mature, die, that is the eternal current of life.

The mother is a sacred symbol for us. In her lap matures the fruit with which she carries on

life from generation to generation, the river of the blood that links us all, the grandchildren, the ancestors. And is there a more divine, greater miracle than that of birth? Small and erring people have lowered it to a necessary evil and called themselves the Lord's chosen. And where does life speak purer and livelier than in the child's laughter!

The position and valuation of Life, from Christian, and on the other side from Germanic, point of view characterizes at the same time the value and the depth of both religions. Woman's history of origin in the Bible, we want to take it just symbolically, is a mockery of everything female. From the rib of the man was Eve created. And since the fall to sin in paradise, the woman is the beginning of all sin and wickedness. How noble did Germanic man form the creation of woman in the saga! She grew from a tree trunk, from nature. And hence there was something lofty and sacred in her essence, which the man admired. The noblest woman was elevated to priestess. And the relationship of the sexes to each other was just as healthy and natural as the faith itself. Christianity first had to come in order, with its oriental morality, to bring something base and low into this clear relationship. And since then we sicken from it. The light did not come from the east. It has always shined in German lands, purer and stronger than Jerusalem's sun. It will still take a long time until we have

completely overcome Christianity's sins and are again more similar to our ancestors than to the deniers from the orient.

Christianity has constructed for itself a belief in the beyond. Its kingdom is not of this earth. Earthly life is only a preparation for this kingdom. And now people have constant fear of the Last Judgement, in which the heavenly father finds his children ripe for heaven or for hell. Only whoever satisfies the priests and commandments will achieve bliss. He will live on in heaven, without cares, in joy.

How small and foreign is this faith to us Germans! It does not reach our piety. We Germans, after all, wanted to recognize that it is wanted by neither God nor nature. There lived a noble man two thousand years ago. Pure and pious did he go through life and preached of heaven. We do not affirm him, because we view our calling in struggle on earth.

But what did the priests make out of his doctrine! Christian faith in its present form is nothing else than the cleverly and coldly calculated invention of priests, who build on people's stupidity and naivete. For who else has an interest in it that humanity, in constant fear and flight from life, crawls under the cross? For thousands of years, people have populated the world and have been at home in it. Suddenly their homeland is supposed to lie in heaven. Not because God wills it. Solely because a pious man

once fled the earth, and because the priests find it good. Because in this way they can bend and knead mankind under them, because it pleases them. How much misfortune and curse has this doctrine brought people! How much blood shed uselessly and robbed from the folks! How can a faith be divine that kicks nature, knows no fatherland and no national honour!

We view life with different eyes. Life is no gift. Woe to whoever believes he can enjoy it in peace as he pleases. He is a traitor against the whole and is not worth the air that he consumes. Nothing is given us that we do not earn ourselves. The earth is no paradise. It is a battleground of people. And only the fighter is called upon for victory. Life is no earthly valley of woe. Only for those who dream of a kingdom in the beyond. Whether valley of woe or

not, that always depends on the man himself. We have neither time nor reason to complain. We have just one life. Think about it!

It is not true that man is the slave of his time. He can do much, if he just wants to. Only the coward makes time and circumstances responsible for distress and slavery. The brave and strong masters the distress. And we only speak of a great time, because its people were great and strong. Hence there are also no weak times. There are only weak people.

Life is an assignment from eternity. God has entrusted it to us as a precious, sacred possession,

which we must administer. Life is a task, which obligates us to the highest. It is a task to serve our folk. For only through that do we act in the sense of the one who gave it to us. Every person has the task to live himself. That means, to so develop all his energy and all his abilities so that at the end he can say: What I could do as a man, I have done.

And he further has the duty to waste this energy neither for himself, nor for the church, nor for his personal bliss. He must consecrate it to his folk. For only in the community is he a useful link. The work of the last crossing-sweeper is more valuable than the cloister life of a thousand holy brothers who rob it from their folk with prayers and castigation. In life we must not ask about ourselves. We must struggle through it in obedience to the voice of the blood, in service to the community and reverence before God. We must also not ask for reward. Our reward is the happiness of being Germans and to be allowed to help work for a great Reich. We do not demand heavenly bliss. For our kingdom is of this earth. But more divine and beautiful than the little men think.

Our life is a link in the eternal chain of our folk. This folk is older than the kingdom of the church. It lived long before the bells rang in Germany and foreign priests destroyed its shrines. Our ancestors served it. The best have given their life for it. We are born from this folk.

What is baptism today? What is confirmation? There one becomes, must become, member of one of the denominations. Already in the first year of life, Germans are divided into Catholics, Protestants and countless sects. One day we will accept the new-born into the community of the folk. Not as Catholics, not as Protestants, rather as Germans, as our future out of our blood. And we will not purchase for ourselves bliss through holy water and prayers. We will earn for ourselves the honour to be whole Germans.

In the future there will also be only one German marriage consecration. Marriages not concluded in the name of the church. Marriages will be consecrated to the community. For not just work and tax pennies belong to the folk. We are devoted to the folk body and soul. Our marriage is for the folk; to it belong our children, our whole life. And our whole faith.

We affirm life with all its demands, heights and depths, difficulties and joys. For we are on earth in order to live, and feel fine on it. It is our homeland. We are born from it. We are safe and secure in its mother's lap. We do not want to flee from it. For it is the mother of life. And we love and affirm life.

The petty believers see the world too big and too dark. For the frivolous it is too little, not pretty enough. We look at the world as it is. Its hardness is beauty for us. And to fight upon it is for us wish and urge.

68

People argue over the purpose of life on earth and about the meaning of existence. They should want to work more than gab. Life belongs neither to the church nor to us ourselves. It is for our fatherland.

A life without goals and work is nothingness. Many people set themselves very easy goals. They often only need to reach out with their hand for it. They have achieved it almost without effort. They are usually already satisfied if they have assured themselves just a personal advantage or a momentary comfort. They are the selfish, lazy and cowardly. They are not accessible for ideals. We call them philistines.

Other people have set goals in the stars. They dream about phrases that they can never reach. We call them ideologues. Their life is no life, rather a

dreaming and flattering, a useless game.

But if a person has chosen a high goal as guiding principle, as ideal, which he wants to achieve through struggle, then he is an idealist. We cannot be ideal. For we are no angels and also do not want to be any. But we must think, feel, fight idealistically, we must live idealistically.

A path leads before us. It may be sunny or rocky. We must march it. For over us and before us lies the goal for which our life is intended: Germany!

Whoever wants to live needs a watchword. It cannot be love for us, rather struggle. For life is not rest, fitting in, accepting and saying amen. It

is storm, striving forward and upward, it is struggle. Life is tension between good and bad, hate and love, heart and duty, cross and sword. And the sword must triumph. Whoever strides through the world with open eyes, to him it says one thing: in life, love does not triumph, rather strength. And whoever wants to live must fight. Otherwise he does not surmount life.

Whoever wants to live needs bearing. Our bearing can only be heroic, straightforward and courageous. For only the hero overcomes the world. The long-suffering person evades it. Hence love should not divide in our life. We need harder laws, for life is hard. Hence for us only a heroic, soldierly bearing comes into question. We sicken from being only half human beings. The German folk has become soft, because one gave it longsuffering people as examples.

It is the soldier’s privilege that he wants to have everything, because he must give everything. His morality has nothing in common with the well-behaved practices of a bourgeois society. His morality is the morality of the strong, healthy and natural. It is the morality of life, of primal energy, which never has rest, which must always work. The soldier is accustomed to live to the full. He does not care for the lazy, desolate and half-life of the salon heroes and dressed up dandies. Where else should he go with his overflowing life will, which he needs in order to survive even the final thing. Every second he

must be ready to risk everything, to sacrifice everything. At any hour the trumpet can resound that calls him to the battlefield. At any hour, however, he must also be able to tell himself: You have done what you as a man could do. You do not need to regret a single day that you wasted as lukewarm and half person.

Duty demands his whole life. Hence he also places full demand on life. He has a right to it. He knows no boundaries in his faith, in his pluck, in his love and in his hate. His measure is the measureless.

He is everywhere there is distress. He comes uncalled, for he seeks struggle for the sake of struggle. The soldier wants no reward. His reward is the happiness to be allowed to serve. The soldier wants no gratitude. At most, the one that he can die decently. He builds his own life alright. The soldier needs no recognition. What he has done, he already knows himself. It is not worth talking about it. For non-soldiers especially not at all. The soldier wants no special rights. He has duties enough. But he fights for the rights of his folk. The soldier needs no church. Because he lives in piety. The soldier cannot cry. Instead he laughs all the louder.

The soldier does not die loudly. Instead all the more upright and beautiful. The soldier does not go to heaven. He is altogether a sinner. But he enters the immortality of his folk.

He is simply a real fellow. And we need real fellows.

It is our task to be heroes.

Each takes the day in his own manner. One lives into the day, free, happy and without cares. Why should he worry about today, why should he worry about tomorrow! Why does he need to ask about the meaning of life! So he adds up day after day, carefree, like an animal that lives the desires of its senses and the hunger of its stomach.

The other drags himself from day to day. Today he is terrified of tomorrow. Tomorrow he lives in fear of the next day. And so life becomes a burden for him, wavering and fearing. He ponders and searches for the meaning of life

on earth. But only in vain, for he does not see beyond the next thing. And he finds no advice in starts and books.

From day to day, from deed to deed, strides the hero. He knows God gave him this life so that he may consecrate it to his folk. He knows that he possesses a fate with which he must wrestle. Yet he loves the struggle and most passionately the struggle with his own fate. He has only one life to live on earth. Hence he lives it fully. He defies his way forward over mountains and valleys, through dark and light. He wrestles his way higher through distress and suffering, through storm and sunshine. And if he is at an end, if he has grown in himself, he looks at his work that he created and can say: I have lived!

72

Life is a seeking, a struggling for light. Like the waves of the sea, it flows forward in the up and down of struggle. Storms are good, waves are good. The sun must just remain above. And only he can say: I live, who must daily win his life anew.

We still only smile over those world-wise, pure fools who wander through life in silk shoes and cross themselves, if they see an abyss. It pleased Christianity to give to youth foolish purity as ideal and to keep it stuck in a kind of dreamy childhood.

Not he is our ideal, who never gazed into the depths, who never wrestled with the swamp worms, who closed his eyes to the enemies of daily life, who lives in solitude in order to escape temptations. Those virgin women and virgin men clubs that dream about purity and innocence often radiate with world alienation. Whoever on earth dreams of paradise and strides into the clouds plays a dangerous game. Fast as lightning he can plunge down from dizzy heights onto the hard earth, to which we are bound. Not in heaven, but in the middle of life is our place.

He who strides in the middle of life, who wrestles with the forces of the devil and hurls his “nonetheless” against fate, is a genuine hero. Becoming weak is no shame. But to remain weak is a crime. And only whoever knows the depths, can stride sure on the heights.

Life is a struggle toward the outside and a struggle inside. The latter is the more difficult of them. We must struggle most hard and most straightforward against the enemies who rise up against us inside our own heart. The root of all evil is laziness. If it sneaks up on us and wants to beckon us, then we must never stand still. For standing still is retreat. And retreat is death. If people one day view the meaning of their existence in pleasure and comfort, if they one day embrace laziness in their arms, then they are all the more receptive for everything bad. For evil likes the company of man. Good, however, lies high and must be won. Hence we want to ask the Almighty that he sends us battles and storms in life, so that we always stand before tasks and do not become lazy.

Then tepidness and half-measure follow on the footsteps of laziness. Not today so and tomorrow differently. Not cold, not lukewarm, rather hot must the fire burn in our hearts so that it consumes everything that is lazy and bad within us.

The greatest evil, however, is cowardice. Cowardice is the outer expression of inner weakness. Whoever does not possess the will for resistance, for risk, for struggle, whoever is cowardly, has lost from the start. In life only the one who is strong and brave succeeds. The cowardly and weak are pushed back. They have no voice. Hence we want to be brave. If distress

and setbacks threaten to knock us to the ground, then there is still no reason by a long shot to doubt and to despair. Then there is reason to fight on and to act.

Whoever carries this bearing inside cannot perish and be broken by life. He will, purified through suffering and hardened by blows of fate, at the end always remain victor, even if he falls in the fight.

Certainly, we have read nothing about this bearing in the Bible. It is the hard bearing of the life-affirming, fighting man and it is older than the saviour doctrine. The singer of the Edda has passed it down to us with these words:

Live true!Fight death-defying!Die laughing!

It is created for our folk and is the expression of our strong life which is the wellspring of our faith.

Decitt)

“Think about the end!” So sang the community with sad heart. The sweet playing of the organ lulled the singers; the yearning for Jehovah’s peace filled the dark room. The pale faces of the saints gazed down ghostly from the walls.

I sat in a corner with pounding heart. I could not bear this tired, world rejecting mood. I wanted to jump up, walk up to the pulpit and scream at the faithful, the sleepers:

“Why do you live at all, if your whole existence only demands salvation, death? Why do you still bring children into the world, where life is nothing but preparation for death?”

“You men! You women! You youth down there! Why then are we on earth? In order to live! Do you hear? In order to live, so that we serve our folk and carry on the river of blood from ancient times into eternity. Every minute must be struggle. We do not have to think about the end day after day with melancholy. If we fulfil our duties on earth, then it can be all the same to us when God summons us. He determines the time. We have to work. It depends on our working whither he damns us or is merciful. Just not so cowardly, so world-alien, dear Christians! Lift

your hearts and let the priests continue to complain!

“What do you seek in the church? Go into your forests, travel in the snow, climb your mountains so that you become free, strong and pious! Listen to the birds, enjoy spring, love the waves, the raging sea!”

“Fear not, if heaven thunders and the light disappears behind clouds and mountains. Believe in the light! Believe in the one who gave you light, who is there: The light. Believe in life and live in God!”

From the life denial and life curse of the Christian doctrine results all by itself the position on death. Life is a valley of woe, sown with toil and temptations. In order to make earthly existence at all bearable for people, one has promised them heaven after death. And in order to make them pliable for all time to the church and its priest and to force them under the power of the cross, one has invented hell with all its torments and devilish forces. So the ring is closed. For whoever dares to penetrate through this haze with bright eyes, has fallen to Satan for eternity.

So teach the priests.

And mankind in its loyal faith has become their servant. A cleverly thought out, cold business, which brought the church millions. A masterful priestly piece of calculation that has cost rivers of blood and the self-denial of our folk.

The gate of eternal life is death. Only the beginning of true life. All our efforts and concerns should serve it alone. Hence death is not the natural end of earthly life, rather the redeemer that brings the long promised reward. One truly made it easy for the faithful. Many have blindly, yes, happily run to death.

But they forgot their task. It lies on earth, in the community, nowhere else. What are a thousand dreamers who, for the sake of their own bliss, surrender themselves to death compared to one who in true duty falls for his fatherland! Not for the enraptured ascetic does heaven stand open, rather for the man who wins it for himself

Not the ascetic and life denier enters eternity. For he has withdrawn himself from duty. Immortal alone is the work that the brave and strong wrestles from life and consecrates to his folk’s eternity. Immortal alone is the river of the blood that Bows on in his children and grandchildren.

Then death becomes life-bearer and wise judge, who serves life.

The church has debased to business even the final and holiest thing. The church cash box does not draw the line even at death. The dead are divided into classes and buried according to the status of their fortune. A repulsive,

tactless tragedy. One day the state will take over this final, sacred duty. For we live for the folk. And we die for the folk. Not for the church.

78

It is unbelievable what kind of loveless word the paid agents of the church even today find at the grave. They burrow in the most sacred feelings. Actually, there is not much to say at all. For death speaks loud enough in silence. And what is to be said, comrades should say: they will be simple words, but words from the heart.

One should not come to us with the objection: We Christians today think freer and more timely.

We are not discussing the private opinions of a few priests and scholars here. We must settle accounts with the foundation of the Christian faith, which are anchored in the Bible and in its history. If one wants to free a folk from spiritual slavery, it is not enough for one to give the servitude a new name or more bearable forms. Then one must go to the roots and must not listen to the gab of the cowardly. The greatness of the deed should make them lose heart. We do not need them.

I listened to a priest speak of dark belief in fate and witches and of Germanic man’s helplessness before death.

Just that the belief in witches is a very original Christian invention. And they were burned at the stake, the heretics, that means the most pious. A dark chapter of Christian love. That Christian priests insult their own folk and its nature is nothing new, rather a daily manifestation. It is an expression of the helplessness against the heroic bearing of their ancestors. The old faced death

manlier and freer. And the most honourable was the death on the battlefield, the death in arms, consecrated to the gods. And the naive concept of Valhalla, which, however, first emerged during the period of decline, today still appeals to us more than paradise.

Who has the stronger belief here? It is the eternal Nordic idea of struggle, which cannot be combined with Christian humility.

Christians understand death against life. We understand it from out of life.

Does nature not teach us that all life is followed by death, that death must follow for the sake of new life? The seed germinates. New life blossoms and ripens to fruit, which again bears new seed. The old dies and lives in the new.

Is death not the most alive secret for us human beings? Divine miracle like life? W r e want to teach again sacred reverence and silence before death. We want to strengthen our hearts so that they look into its countenance, so that they can fight with it. It is our most chivalrous opponent. We do not surrender. We wrestle with it without complaining. May the strongest succeed. And life is always the most beautiful, where death is nearest.

Death belongs to life. It is the final duty that we have to fulfil on earth. Human beings die, because they live. A person who goes through life as coward will also be cowardly in death. He will begin to whine and complain. And just like he

once shunned struggle due to the risk, so will he fear his final hour. For nothing remains of him. Nothing of his life, nothing of his death. But a man who struggled with life upright and brave will also be able to die upright. He has done his duty on earth.

Whoever lives as hero, does not find death so difficult. But people should not complain. They must be silent before the sublime power of death, which only the little fear. It becomes companion to the great in struggle and in suffering. They should elevate their hearts, look up to the eternal light and swear: Let us live like he died!

The theologians have always tried to reveal God’s secrets. Since they have never succeeded in that and man will never succeed in it, they have deciphered the riddle with impertinent meaning as it seemed most

advantageous to them. Who wants to presume to impute to the eternal creator of heaven and a hell! Is that not frivolity and blasphemy? We small men do not want to ponder and advise. We will never learn these divine secrets. We only want to be happy and thankful that we may live for a great Reich and can do nothing better than our duty. For God measures life not by the number of years, rather by the work that we create and by bearing with which we created it. This bearing must be straight, must be brave.

Death becomes our comrade, the great shaper of nature, of life, which it serves. And only he has

succeeded in death, who knew how to live fully, who devoted his body and his soul to the one meaning: to serve his folk. And even death cannot rob him of his folk. For his life's work lives on in the great work to which he consecrated his life. And his blood flows on in the veins of his children who now take his place. His life is fulfilled. It does not ask for salvation.

The most sacred consecration is received by the death that meets the man in the struggle for the homeland. It is the most beautiful and manliest, yet also the most difficult. And only the faith in a folk's highest possessions can overcome it. The fighters of the Great War, who, already marked by death, with flying flags and battle sounds ran through the fire and fell, have fulfilled their life and defeated death. Their final thought was not of personal bliss. How invalid is it measured against the immortality of our folk! Their final shout, their hottest yearning was the freedom of the homeland in which they believed. They sacrificed their young blood for Eternal Germany, for which they charged and which they saw before death broke their hearts. They are the heroes, God's warriors. They are the saints. For them do we want to build our cathedrals. Not for the deniers and chaste fools who won heaven, but lost the Reich. Only the death for the folk is the highest gain.

And if in so many soldier songs death is sung about, then that has no Christian meaning. For

the Christian in death overcomes earthly life in order to enter the eternal one. His wish is salvation. The soldier fulfils in death his life struggle, for the idea to which he has sworn himself His task lies on earth. And his yearning is called completion. He does not want to die in order to release himself from his earthly duties. He wants to live in order to fulfil them. And part of his life is death. Only he can die upright, because he knows how to live fully. Hence he gladly enters the battle and laughs at the grim reaper: May he just come, I am ready!

A word that a sick time had forgotten and betrayed, an iron word has today again come to honours: duty! It no longer meant anything among people who knew no bond and replaced freedom with arbitrariness. They mocked fulfilment of duty, they shamed death for the fatherland and proclaimed human rights. This development had led to the war of all against all. For the mass cannot digest freedom. It then becomes wanton. And no human being can digest freedom from duty. We need freedom. But for duty. Today it is about pronouncing duty sacred. The great Prussian king, whom little people called an atheist, gave duty its religious meaning. “My duty is my religion!” If everybody thought so, then the church question would be solved, Christianity overcome. But as long as the German knows two duties, the earthly and the heavenly, as long as he knows two masters, the Fiihrer and the saviour, so long does he not find the path upward, to eternity.

Fulfilment of duty is a sacred term. But it requires the whole man. It reaches its highest meaning and value in soldiery. Soldiery is the hardest affirmation of the selfless service to the

fatherland, it is the highest expression of proud, full manhood.

There is no mightier affirmation of duty than the fighting and dying of the heroes of the Great War. Great stones today admonish of their duty. Their deeds, however, will be admonishers as long as Germans live.

One has often spoken of the cool duty that makes us its slaves, which grips us by the throat like an iron clamp and threatens to strangle us. Duty for us is no cold, stiff concept. It is carried by the love for the Fiihrer, by the

unbending faith in Germany and by the hot enthusiasm for everything great and noble in the world.

Not to the constitution, not to a piece of paper does the German soldier now swear his oath. He swears loyalty to his Fiihrer and consecrates himself to him and the fatherland in life and death. This duty is for him simultaneously the most alive faith.

Now our youth again goes through the school of the armed forces. It must be hard. We need men, tough, straight, true to duty and reticent. But one does not create such th e s e fellows through speeches, rather through deprivation, through iron service, if necessary, with iron-hard fist. Like the oak, they must stand in the storm and defy. But next to the hardness must also stand enthusiasm, faith in the idea. One does not hold a troop together with the cane, it does not lead an army to victory. Soldiery does not consist

only of drill. Soldier is not whoever wears uniform and weapon. He can, after all, have remained a woman at heart. Soldiery is an inner, straight bearing, genuine, true to duty, obedient, reticent and always ready for action. The soldier's ultimate and holiest weapon is the idea that he serves. Without it he is just a sword-bearer, but not a soldier.

Today one hears talk of the Prussian spirit. Prussian spirit and soldiery are two terms for once concept.

Prussian is everybody who lives in order to do his duty. Prussian is everybody in whose heart only one rhythm beats: Germany. Who is not free, if Germany lies in chains. Who is born to be a German, who must eternally charge forward and fight in order to consume himself for the fatherland. Who never has rest, but yet always knows what he must do.

The soldier has the most beautiful religion. He does not speak many words and chants. He does not ask a beaten sinner for mercy and forgiveness. He does not confess before human beings. He does not kneel in church, sing feminine songs and read from the holy scriptures. His religion is called Germany. He serves his God with a life in duty. For fulfilment of duty is practical, is sole religious service.

Out there on the lonely, living sea, in the struggle with storm, weather and winds, on the hunt through the broad sky, the Almighty speaks

to him there, he feels his force there, which reveals itself to him in the speech of the wind, in the rustling of the sea. The mouth is silent there, and the heart trembles before the omnipotence of the eternal.

Then the churches become too confining for him, all words too small and too empty. In holy sincerity his heart reminds him of highest duty. For speaking, only the deed remains for him.

And today it is about the deed. Not about speeches, not about gestures. Solely about the deed.

Duty is the meaning of life for the soldier. Struggle is his world.

But how should the many others understand duty, who do not stand under the law of iron obedience? Does duty have a meaning for them?

Well! Does not the man who stands in the workshop and creates value with his hands likewise fulfil his duty? Does not he peasant also belong to the great community of duty, who wins our bread from sky and earth? Does not the work of the woman also have the same meaning, who gives our folk its children and leads them to its wellsprings? Are her family duties not simultaneously duties to all of us? Are we not all soldiers of work, soldiers of the folk?

Is not every work, which someone does for the community, sacred service? Does it not belong to the most beautiful tasks of our time to teach people again love and respect for work?

In the triad of hammers, swords and ploughs, German faith will emerge, faith in the deed. One cannot lead the worker to piety with pretty sermons and outer tinsel. The rattling of the machines, the thundering of the motors silences any priest’s words. If the smith in the workshop swings his hammer above the anvil, if the peasant scatters a handful of seeds across the ground,

then he has done more than if a hundred priests gab a whole day. Work sanctifies, not words.

The Christian church has its faithful pray to hundreds of saints. But nobody was sanctified, because he fulfilled his duty in life, rather because he fled life and duty. The genuine heroes were burned as heretics. How long yet does the German folk want to betray the best of its blood? How long yet does it want to hear the sermon of renunciation?

Faith, which one must construct from books, faith, which does not spring from life itself, is empty, dead faith.

What does a church still possess in living force, which Sundays probably offers a comforting hour to a few peaceful burghers, while the mass of the working people remain at home and does not feel itself as penitent and servant of sin. No! Countless, nameless fighters are among them, heroes of work, to whom thunders the noise of the factories as the high song of work. These fighters will one day be the most loyal guardians of our faith.

fjonout

The bland shield of the upright man is his honour. One cannot buy honour with money or bestow it with medals. It is also not a billboard of the selfpromoting sneak or the white vest of the rich hedonist. Behind a white vest hides all too often a dirty chest. Honour is the straightness and the courage of a strong heart. Honour is the loyalty toward oneself. Whoever denies and forgets himself, whoever sneaks through life on hidden paths instead of choosing the rocky, straight path, has no honour. Honour is also not bestowed or born. One must earn honour, one must create oneself.

Whoever can be true to himself, will also remain true to others. For honour is loyalty itself. Loyalty toward comrades. Hence Honour is loyalty to the folk and true obedience to the Fiihrer.

Measure of honour is the deed, which grows from loyalty. For honour is neither acquired nor defended through talking. And it is only washed clean with the weapon, through blood. Whoever is not ready to risk and dare the ultimate for it, has already lost it.

We do not speak of class honour. We speak of the honour of the German.

No class has the right to claim its own honour for itself. Honour is also not assigned through the opinion of a so-called society that imagines it alone has a monopoly on virtue and morality. Honour is independent of rank and position. It is possession of the heart. The comrade who labours daily in dust and sweat can possess a purer shield than the ironed and brushed businessman who with eternally smiling demeanour rubs the silver coins in his pocket.

And the honour of the soldier is not bound to rank and rank insignia. In matters of honour there is no difference. The recruit has the same honour as the general. What must be escalated upward is the responsibility and the consciousness of duty. More duties, more responsibility is the mark of every leader. And honour of weapons is nothing else than soldier’s honour. The

dagger in the hand of the scoundrel always remains a piece of shame and dishonour. The bloody sword of the honourable man obtains through him its honour.

Everything recedes, love, friendship, prosperity, if honour demands it. No sacrifice is then too great, no path too long, no deed too difficult.

That holds for the individual as well as for the folk. The November Republic possessed no honour, because it was born from shame. Inglorious as it arose, so did it also perish. Its representatives left the field without honours.

90

The German folk itself has never been without honour. It fought honourably against a world. And from its truest fighters arose the Fiihrer. He alone could give back the Reich its honour. Because he had never lost his own. Because he was the truest of his folk.

Two values struggle for power today: love and honour. The church preaches love as the highest value of all virtues. We stand up for honour. Love must never be the ultimate thing. Highest possession, sacred task for men, for folks, remains honour. Let love be power, but never goal. For the sake of love, the church practiced compassion, granted mercy, gave alms, preached renunciation, trained world-alien people and betrayed Germany. For the sake of honour, folks have gone to battle, the best have bled, heroes have emerged. For the sake of honour tribes have defended themselves with arms against the crusade of love.

Beyond all the talk about heavenly love the church has forgotten its earthly honour. I speak of the church in general, not Christianity. For today it is not about denominations and dogmas. It is solely about German faith, about the purity of the German soul. And everything that they call excesses of the church in truth lie based in Christianity. For the Christian doctrine in the beginning was the doctrine against nature and against blood. And the Christianity of today is the result of a bloodless, priestly calculation.

Every day the shield of the church is soiled by dishonourable priests. Their cloisters have sunk to dens of vice. Their church and altars are desecrated by the “Lord’s anointed”. In throngs, “God’s representatives” wander from the state prosecutor to prison. What has the church done previously? Nothing. It is silent and tolerates crimes for the sake of love. No! Even in faith, honour stands at the top. The church has not grasped that. It does not want to comprehend it. Fine! Its time is over. We have no reason to mourn it. What is rotten will collapse by itself.

German faith will one day build for the folk its temples. It will consecrate them to all those who fell for the honour and freedom of their folk. For those saints and fools who fled life and earth there is then no longer any room. For God gave us the duty on earth to serve the eternity of our folk. In incessant work for this folk and in the courageous will for sacrifice for the ultimate thing lies our honour, honour before God.

Much, all too much has been spoken of love in the last two millennia. Unfortunately, only spoken. The deeds looked different.

Since that time when the kingdom of heaven was proclaimed, mankind has not become happier. In the sign of love the sword was struck, rivers of blood have flowed, cities, villages and sacred sites have sunk into rubble and ruin. In the sign of love flames have devoured, the whip has raced up and down.

In the sign of love folks have faced each other in hate and conflict. The church only looked on and taken in the profit in souls and silver.

In the sign of love the Papacy fought its way upward with the weapons of murder, deception and theft. And today the folks moan under the rule of the cross. And no love will one day liberate them.

The church today preaches love as the highest value of all possessions. Love is not the highest possession. For whoever only loves in this world, will perish in the storm of life. He will break like a fool who without weapons mingles among the fighting people. Love was given to us. Not as goal and highest virtue. Highest value for folks, for men, is honour. Love should work as a force of

the hearts. But not that angel pure charity. We do not love our enemies. We respect them, if they deserve respect.

We also do not love everybody. We only love the one who loves our homeland, our blood, our folk. The false, the scoundrel and the coward get only our contempt. Hence we do not talk so much about charity, rather live the folk community. The church has certainly contributed very little to the creation of this community. Quite the opposite. Overall, it has been won against the church. It is the work of the best and purest forces of German blood and is older than Christianity. Earlier, honesty, loyalty and hospitality were self-evident concepts. The old ones lived according to unwritten law, according to the law of the blood. One did not need to tell them: You shall not steal and commit adultery! The laws of the blood lived in the clan. One did not have to first write them down and preach them.

Christian charity has failed. It has not been able to end the struggle of the classes and parties in our folk through love. It has through loving schism and fragmentation into sects and denominations done its share to increase the confusion. How can a church feel at all called upon to unite a folk which is not even united itself! No! The church did not participate in the creation of the German folk community. It will hence also never manage to reconcile the world. The young folks themselves are called upon for

that. Our ideal is not an international, self-loving brew of mankind. Our ideal is a world of strong folks, which, internally united, stand in respect toward each other.

We do not talk much about our love. It is certainly stronger and hotter than the love of which one speaks in the church. Our love for Germany and for the Fiihrer is boundless. It obligates us to struggle and loyalty. Hence we do not speak of it. But for us it is not yet the ultimate thing. Every love only has meaning if it becomes energy in the struggle for duty. And for us every duty only has content if it is for the honour and greatness of our folk. We love our parents, our sisters and brothers and all to whom we owe love. But more than all human beings we love our folk. And we leave the parental home, our own homestead, leave love, if Germany commands. We love and

hate as Germany wills it. Whether the church damns us in the process or is merciful, does not concern us. For we are not responsible to it. We bear responsibility only before God and before the life of our folk.

If human beings would just want to affirm struggle more instead of talking about love.

If they would just make fighting courage their own instead of becoming ever softer in renouncing love.

The human being can do more though struggle and through courage than through love. In the sign of the sword, a justice, a world order

has emerged. In the sign of the sword Germany was won. In the sign of love we have become weak. For only the strong affirms the sword, the right of struggle and of blood. And wars and campaigns have brought more blessings to mankind than church-councils of love.

If one had taught young Germans in school to be fighters, if one would have enthused them for heroes and soldiers, instead of telling them the fairy-tales of the saints, they would have entered life with a different faith. They would not have allowed themselves to be caught by Jewish dirty fellows and weaklings.

Furthermore, in the future the church will no longer have any right in the school. For the youth belongs to the folk. The boys and girls will be taught to be glowing Germans and fanatical fighters. We have enough deeply religious Germans in our history. Hermann, Ekkehard, Widukind, Fichte, Arndt belong in the hearts of our youth and not Jewish apostles. The young German should fist become conscious of their Germandom, should first learn to discover their own folk. Then they will become religious by themselves. For being religious means to live according to God’s law. But no Moses can give us these laws. They lie in the blood, in the homeland, in the struggle for Germany.

The love for the wife as well, the position of the sexes toward each other, has received a new, healthy, fresh face. It differentiates itself from the

view of that sick time lying behind us above all in that in the wife we really see the wife and no longer the maid. The wife is not an object that one uses and switches after use; that one enjoys like a cigarette and then throws away in order to light another. We do not manage to have a girl dance on each finger and to still brag about their large number. We cannot fly like a butterfly from one flower to another and add up one little flirtation after the next. We need a straight course, we need a clear goal and love not as selfpurpose, rather as energy.

We do not like to flirt and trifle. Not because we would be old bachelors and fools. No! Only because we hate everything that is half-way and superficial. Only because we hate compromises, even in love. We disdain the desolate life of halfsilk dandies and soft boys, who scurry through the salons and recoil in terror from a tart world. Who shyly step aside, if they hear hob-nailed boots. We are either wolf or eagle, not just lambs. A whole scoundrel can win more respect from us than a half skirt-chaser. And we prefer to converse with a coarse bum than with a perfumed, sweet Don Juan.

If we love a girl, then we love her fully. With the whole hot passion of our soul and with all senses. Then we no longer know any second girl. She may still please our eyes. But she does not penetrate to our heart. Then we love boundlessly. For love must be boundless. Half love is not

worthwhile. We give loyalty to the one, which we conversely demand from her. Love without loyalty is downright unthinkable for us. Only loyalty ennobles love. With loyalty stands and falls our honour as well. Our honour and the woman’s honour.

Our love knows no measure and no reservations. A well-behaved stroll side by side and chase love play is not of our kind. It may be totally appropriate in the eyes of prudish dance hour flowers and Christian chastity apostles. Our heart is too deep and too good for it.

We have never yet possessed bourgeois morality. They are not the product of a good bourgeois and society education. They lie in our blood and grow

from the natural. Only for that reason are they strong and free, but never unbound. For that reason as well, we are often decried as immature youths and coarse fellows. That bothers us terribly little. We have become accustomed to it.

A criticism from the side of stiff, overeducated circles is for us just praise.

We have also created for ourselves an image of woman. Amazons, made-up and painted puppets, girls and so-called modish manifestations leave us cold. They lack any nature. But the chaste angel type is also not up to us. We do not want a playmate who shyly lowers her eyes. That would be too boring for us.

Just as we strive to be whole men, so do we also want a whole woman. Certainly, the woman still has a lot to catch up in that. After the war that nice bourgeois daughter type developed who, with her dryness and old maid morality, was simply not a match for the soldier physically and psychologically. The soldier does not trifle. He wants love, hot like fire and without measure. He does not want to sip. He wants to drink in full gulps. He is used to that. All or nothing. Halfmeasures are not worthwhile. As long as the girl recoils from this whole love and her heart beats only lukewarm flames, for so long will she not find the way to the soldier, for so long will the soldier only play with her. It depends on her whether she wants to be to him beloved or love.

Only a few girls can be beloved. They are the strong of the weaker sex. It is worthwhile to exchange hearts with these. And they are becoming more numerous. For the girl begins to finally become awake and stride from the angel stage of dreamy girl’s room through camp and work with firm step and clear gaze into full life.

What we love about woman is precisely this feminine. The woman should notice that, after all. It can become a shrine for us. One time it is most familiar homeland for us. Another time it seems to us like an eternal secret, like a sixth sense, which we cannot comprehend and we honour. We love in

woman the nature that always knows how to give advice and help, if our brain fails.

One says that woman stands a step closer to nature than man. Hence nature speaks in her purer and stronger. We love in woman the artist, the mother, who fruitful and joyful carries on life, both of our loves, the life of the folk.

But even the strongest and purest love is not the ultimate thing for us. The ultimate and highest thing for the man remains honour, struggle and duty. Faith and love are the wellsprings of energy from which we draw. It is the task of the man to conquer the world, it is the task of the woman to be sun in this world. The world of the man is duty. The world of the woman is the family, the husband. For the man, fate is the step into life. For the woman it is less noticeable. For her, the step into marriage is important. Life community between husband and wife for the community is marriage. No state sanctioned prostitution. Also no relationship of master to maid, such as one finds it in the Bible.

The woman is for us homeland in the world of struggle, is for us support and calm in the storms of life. At the bosom of the wife, the husband should not become a woman. He should seek strength to free himself from her arms with the will to return again as a harder fighter into the world and to do his duty. She should be companion for us, comrade next to us, who participates in our joys and jointly carries our worries for us. She should be the mother of our

children, mother of the folk, to whom our gratitude belongs.

That is her task and her duty in the world.

I want to talk of hate.

The lukewarm and cowardly will immediately let out a cry. The word hate can make their spirits furious. They are afraid of it, just like they shun struggle and weapon. Talk should not be of the hate of the small. We hate their hate. I want to talk about the hate of the great, of our hate. The hate of

the small is low and base. We abhor it. For its root is selfishness, self-gain, envy. We have experienced it in the form of class hatred, which despises the high and violates the noble. This hate is born in the swamp, where greed and the lowest instincts triumph. It is unable to elevate itself into those heights where the view broadens and, beyond all personal wishes and greed, sees the community. It crawls in the dust and dies in it. We owe it only contempt. And if it should attempt to wind its way up to us with greedy eyes and cold senses, then we want to push it back and crush its head.

But we must first deal with another kind of people as well. With those who do not want to know any hate at all. They are the people alien to the world and desert preachers who praise only love for everybody, even for our enemies. Who dream of a kingdom of mankind and of paradise.

Who glorify pain, lower themselves into torments and declare pure, healthy life joy sinful.

You miserable penitents and servants of sin! What do you want in the world? What do you want in life, where there is struggle, storm, war, hate and love? Yes, hate and love. Whoever only knows love is half a person. Whoever does not simultaneously love and hate, is not born for this world, where falseness and lie so often triumph. Whoever only loves is cowardly or world alien. He belongs in a cloister in solitude. Only there, where nobody bothers him, can he live his theories, live for death. World flight is cowardice. Why then are we on earth? To serve our divine, eternal folk. In reverence before God, obedient to the voice of the conscience, to fight through our life with more duties than rights. But we must succumb in this sacred struggle, if we only love, never hate.

We want no salvation from the earthly valley of woe. We want to use every day, every hour that we live, that we can fight. Not in order to receive paradise in heaven as reward after death. Solely in order to consecrate our existence to the folk that we love, whose opponents we respect, but whose enemies we hate. That is our happiness and our kingdom of heaven. Certainly, the small will never understand us. Because their hearts cannot blaze, hot like fire, which darts racing and devouring toward heaven.

In this fire our hate is born. Its root is love, which we sought in vain in the “Holy Scriptures” and commandments. Love for the fatherland, for the blood, for the homeland soil. Love is sacred for us. As is hatred sacred for us against everything that wants to destroy this love. Our love knows no bounds. Our hate as well has no boundaries.

We want to love everything that God gave us as sacred. Want to love him, the creator and preserver and his most glorious revelation: The fatherland. Want to fight, believing and loving, for this shrine, for honour, freedom, custom and ancestors.

But we want to hate from hot, pure heart all our enemies, everything lazy and lethargic, halfway and lukewarm, everything cowardly and foreign, which gnaws at our soul. We want to hate everything base and bad that daily beckons us to evade the hard and to lead a life in pleasure and rest. We want to hate all scoundrels, crooks, traitors and animals in human form. Not only hate. Attack and smash.

The German has two faces, one loving and one hating, one kind and one hard. He is soldier and artist, fighter and poet, attacker and singer.

He loves the struggle and the raging battle. He ponders and dreams in the night moonlight. He loves his folk, his homeland, his blood. He hates the evil. And that is good!

From the fire of love and hate arises the will. And will forges the deed, which alone can triumph and liberate. That is our hate, the hate of the strong and pious, which God put into our hearts so that we would be human beings and not halves. This hate is fruitful and good, for it annihilates the harmful and bad. Only this hate is justified, because it glows for the community and directs our weapons against the enemies of the community.

But we do not hate the opponent, we respect the opponent, since he challenges us with noble weapons to chivalrous combat, to the combat of man against man, eye to eye.

We also know no hatred against the folks that live around us. We want to work with them in peace. But ready at any time to defend our honour and freedom against anybody. Folks are God's creations. Only one folk is the spawn of hell: Jewry.

We want to work. We need no new war. We have become awake and hard.

But we need a hard war against the lazy and sleepers in our own land. Against everything that is un-German and bad within us.

Not all are awake yet. Not all are hard yet.

We need an eternal war against the devil, against the animal within us. The worst is to be a pacifist toward oneself.

If we are always warrior-like and yet not war lustful, we will defeat any external enemy anyway, after we have overcome the inner one.

0uUt

Now we should talk about another Christian theory that we cannot manage, because it is too alien to us and too cowardly for us deep inside.

Man is by nature sinful and depraved. And in order to liberate mankind from its servitude to sin, God sent the saviour into the world. He took upon himself the sins of all those who believe in him and through his death brought them salvation. So teaches the church.

And the German has come to terms with this doctrine. Free, strong and plain believing tribes have become quarrelling denominations, which torment themselves with feelings of inferiority and complicated dogmas. And what is the crawling and kneeling before the sacred images and relics other than the expression of the servitude of the soul into which the church has pushed us! Are we servants of the church or free men of our folk? We want to hold our head proudly and look at the beautiful and great around us. Not in a quiet little chamber, also not in the dark church halls are we closest to our God, rather in the middle of life and in nature. And not through bowing and prayer muttering do we want to show our reverence before the highest,

rather in an upright and brave life that makes us worthy of his blessing.

Not that all kind, dear father is our Lord. Rather the God in arms who wants no servants. Once the old ones freely looked toward the sky if the mighty one raced over the earth in the thunder of the storm. Today people have fear and hide themselves. Once men as free men looked each other in the eye and offered the open hand as greeting. Today they bend their backs. Once the father was seen as the priest of the family and the mother as the last refuge in grief and hardship. Today the children run to the priests, confess their innermost to total strangers who themselves know no family.

Are we still masters in our own hearts? Every day, every hour is lost that our youth spends in the church. We want to teach them to be Germans, to be

strong, free, pious people and to rip from their hearts the faith in denominations. For in it only Germany has room.

Why does one already preach to children's hearts the belief in sinfulness? What is the young person supposed to make of it? Educate him in the belief in the noble and high, in duty to struggle, in the strength of the blood! For the boy wants to fight, free, on his own. With this bearing he overcomes the bad and the weak and surmounts life, instead of breaking due to himself.

108

Why did one not baptize people "sinner" right from the start? I know. Because there is one human being who is not a sinner: The Pope.

We know only one sin: To live against God's law, against the community. It is the original sin of this world. No human being can redeem us from it, also no God. Christianity is heavily burdened with it. And no crusade can free us from it either.

Sin is what harms our folk. Sin is what falsifies our blood. The Ten Commandments are not enough for us. They stem from concern for personal well-being, but not from responsibility toward life of the folk, to which our faith is devoted. We do not need to write down our commandments. They live in each of us. They speak in the blood.

What goes beyond it is not sin, rather guilt. But we do not want to have any salvation. We want to bear our guilt ourselves. For we take responsibility for what we do. As long as there are people, they will fall into guilt. For we are, after all, human beings and not god's image. But it is the meaning of guilt that we should recognize, take responsibility for it and grow from it. Not be crushed by it and cowardly place it on somebody else. Not through the sacrifice of a holy man, not through cowardly surrender of life, also not through clemency decrees from Rome is sin atoned. God cannot damn us, because we make ourselves guilty. For we are imperfect for all time.

God can only do it then, if we do not want to recognize the evil and surrender to the evil without resistance. If I have taken guilt upon myself, then I do not wait until death redeems me. Then I also do not cowardly push

the guilt onto Jesus. Then I fight and work in order through heightened accomplishment to again be able to stand upright before the eternal one.

God will judge us only according to whether we have fought with ardent heart and honestly for the good, against the evil. That means the bearing, the orientation (Gesinnung) gives man his value. Whoever has fought through his life upright in the service of the community does not need to fear god's judgement. The coward, the long-suffering, the poltroon is bad. The brave, the fighter, the man is good.

Hence do not pray for mercy! Pray for strength to surmount! Do not ask for forgiveness of sins. Do not entreat! Swear and promise to purge your guilt through greater work and harder struggle!

Suffering is the punishment of all sins. So say the Christians.

Does suffering not also belong to life? Is it burdened with a vice, a curse, with sin? Is it there to bend us human beings and make us sad, a punishment from God?

Is it not in the world in order to purify us, to strengthen us, a test from the eternal one? Is it not there so that we bear it as men, do not

complain, rather defy it? Does it not often compel people to introspection and reason, if we stray and forget the tasks that the earth places upon us? Suffering is blessing, not curse. Well-being to the folk that grows in distress and storms! Woe to the folk that seeks its rest in riches and material happiness! Only overcome suffering and survived struggles make the man a man. He has an advantage over all the others.

Whoever strode through suffering and wrestled with guilt and did not become greater from it, did not grasp their meaning. A won position weighs more than one given. And a realization wrestled from life is more valuable than one read.

But these words should not be a license for the weak to be lacking. Guilt is easier to acquire than to work off. And from the height to the swamp suffices just a jump. But from the depth, one reaches the mountain just step by step. Not the time, not even the circumstances are responsible for human guilt. Rather the human will itself. It has the decision between good and bad. God has placed it into its hand.

Our Task

A time in which ideas wrestle for shape demands courage of affirmation, courage of each to elevate his faith to deed. For not through talking, also not through being still, will the new faith permeate our folk. It will grow from life, example and affirmation of all who carry it within themselves, who see it the clearest and are hence called upon for leadership. A thousand bonds tie us to Christian faith. But one blow makes us free. To make the Germans strong and ripe for this step is our task and most sacred duty. Petty spirits warn against it, because they cannot understand us. They raise their voice and point to Russia: That is how things will go for you!

You faint-hearted! In Russia they tear down the churches in order to exterminate faith. In Germany we leave the church in order to lead the true faith to victory.

This faith cannot be measured by your yardstick. It is proven neither by theological phrases nor by frequent church attendance, also not with the tongue. It is lived in the service to the community, through sacrifice and deed. It will also not mix with the weak and foreign. If it builds on compromises and on half-measures, then it should preferably not be born at all.

112

What must be done today? It is necessary that in the most sacred questions each is most honest and takes consideration of neither the church's screaming nor society's immorality.

It is necessary that each affirms the faith of his heart and not the denomination that stands in the papers.

It is necessary that each again takes upon his own shoulders the responsibility for himself and his children and bears it for his folk instead of surrendering it to the church.

Clarity is needed. The church shuns it. We demand it. The question of resignation from the church is a question of character and conscience. Whoever finds his salvation in the Bible may become blessed in it. He lacks steadiness and strength without this faith. We want to talk no one into a faith, if he does not come to us with open and searching heart. Our call is for all who strive for fulfilment.

Whoever doubts the old faith and sees the new, may he first come to terms with himself and fight this battle to the end with sacred seriousness. Our words are for him. We call him, so that the spark in his heart may become the fire that burns in all of us. For the seeking are the most pious of all. Not those who recite faith as it stands on paper!

Millions of Christians live in Germany. They indeed claim they have lost the Christian faith. But they cannot bring themselves to discard the

Christian name. In part, they are too comfortable for it. That is how much the highest thing is worth to them. In part they believe their reputation could suffer. The most honest always has the best reputation. Others pound their chest: “We do not believe in the Bible and in Jesus. But we are nonetheless Christians, because we acknowledge something higher.”

Then they should not call themselves Christians! By the same right they can claim: We indeed do not believe in the Fiihrer and the party’s principles. But we are nonetheless National Socialists.

No! Either one is a Christian and believes in the Bible and Jerusalem or one is not. There is no third solution. This divorce is necessary for the sake of both parts. For creating clarity is the first commandment.

Today we experience the attempt by upright, pious people to establish a German Christianity in our folk. But the genuinely Christian in it is truly small. And the representatives of this faith would do better to cast off from it the remainder of oriental religiosity and affirm German faith. For German history has not been a constantly progressing Christianizing of our folk, rather an ongoing protest of the German soul against alien religious doctrines. And what one today praises as Christian accomplishments is for

the greatest part the work of the German's nature, which, despite everything, preserved its pure energy and

deep inside was only seldom really Christian. Hence the attempt to link from a multitude of Christian principles of faith the few that touch us into a new piety must be viewed as half-measure. We reject it.

We stand at the beginning of a new millennium of German history and do not want to introduce it with compromises. The Christian era comes to an end like all eras in the world. When Odin died, Christ arose. And Christ will pass, because Germany lives.

But those who have overcome the old faith and proudly call the new their own have a difficult, but glorious, duty: To be callers and heralds and to live German faith as example.

We do not want to take the church's horrible path. Then we would have to close the churches, burn the priests at the stake and persecute the Christians with fire and blood. The mission and compelled conversion in the sign of Christian love will probably remain unique in our folk's religious history. The most sacred thing that the old ones possessed was smashed under the cross. Sacred sites were smashed, heroes' songs lost, a strong time sank into darkness. And today we begin to remember the pious ancestors and laboriously bring light into a once radiant past. A simple duty of gratitude, which had been intentionally forgotten and betrayed. They sought salvation in the orient and did not look at the homeland's greatness. They concerned

themselves with the well-being of Negro souls and did not see the distress and the suffering in the hearts of their brothers. And so it comes that on the day of national solidarity one prominent party is missing today: The church. But the folk has taken its place, which lives love and community in deeds, instead of talking it to death. Day by day, ever new testaments and shrines of a free and pious breed reveal themselves to us. They were so strong that they survived the millennia. And they were so pure that they are still sacred to us today.

We have not just the right, rather the duty, to free them from all foreign overcoats so that they are again what they once were. And we do not want to declare them new idols. We want to elevate them to the worthy care of the whole folk and the reverent hearts of its youth.

It is time to reshape the Christian holidays into days of German introspection and selfreflection. Many denominational holidays give downright wonderful expression to the church's all-encompassing love in that on one day the Catholic, on another day the Protestant Germans hold their religious celebrations. Either we have holidays when the whole folk celebrates. Or we have none!

We do not need to seek anew our religious days of commemoration. We already have them, just provided with Christian names and cloaks. If we separate the foreign from them, then

Christmas Eve again becomes the day of ascending light and awakening earth, the celebration of joy and family. Then Easter and Pentecost again become resurrection celebrations of greening nature that defeats winter. And the newly added May festival of the community and the Thanksgiving Day as celebration of new piety. Likewise, the movement's days of remembrance will become celebrations of faith. For it is the community of our faith become action. And on these days the Germans will not go into a hundred different churches. They will stand under one sky, speak one word and one affirmation.

It will be our task to keep denominational faith away from the youth. German, only German do we want to teach them, in action, in thought and in faith. The school is the nation's educational site, not a learning seat for the church.

One great man will be reserved the right to write the book of German piety, which we want to teach to our youth. For since Christianity determined our life, for so long and even before have German seekers of God and prophets sung and spoken of German nature and German faith. Their word and their deeds will be signpost and revelation for us. And this book will be alive for

all times and all generations. Then the disparaged of once will become the saints of today. Then the heretics of a past time will become the religious

leaders of the present Within them, the pure blood defended itself against alienation (Uberfremdung) and falsification of the German soul. They are called upon to show us the path. And we must carry on their work, regardless whether the faint-hearted wish us hell. We do not believe in a hell, just like we also do not believe in a paradise in the beyond. It would be blasphemy.

We believe in Germany and in that God whom we cannot grasp in words. There is only one German belief in God. We have no sole monopoly on God, such as the church arrogantly claims. God is the power over times and world. Each folk walks its own path to him. Respect for the nativebound faith of the others and reverence before the All-Highest should determine our life. On this foundation a new world order will arise. But the folk that first walks this healthy, natural path must by law be the youngest and the strongest. For a folk is worth as much as the purity of its kind.

And may they immediately reproach us a thousand times: The time is not yet ripe! We reply to them: It is always ripe for struggle! Whoever has a goal that he wants to achieve should thank God for each day that he can win, can wrestle.

It will not be a struggle of weeks and months. It will become a revolution of years and decades. But what are they measured against the eternity of our folk! For two thousand years there was

fermenting and struggling inside German hearts. The time for the breakthrough has come. The time of shaping will present generations with tasks. But does not lie therein the highest happiness for a breed that affirms struggle and renounces salvation, to pull stars down from heaven that appeared to the ancestors only as dreams, and to make them deed through struggle! There is probably a right in the stars. But it does not fall into the dreamer’s lap. The strong one must bring it down.

Two professions are to be entrusted with the education of the youth above all: The teacher and the officer. The priests die out. They have alienated the youth from the folk. Leaders will replace them. Not God's representatives, rather the best Germans. The youth who in school and in the armed forces is trained to become a selfless, glowing fighter for his folk must not again be alienated from his folk by a narrow-minded, world-alien priesthood.

And if today a number of pastors preach faith in Germany and affirmation of heroism, then they do not represent a new, purer Christianity, rather only take the first step toward departure from oriental dogma. They are anything else but good Christians, as which they present themselves and as which they are considered. For how can a preacher of rebellion against blood and against nature preach of the folk as God desired unity? Christianity as well will perish from insufficient

knowledge of the laws of race and of nature. It has bypassed what is most divine.

How should we raise our children?

So as if they had never heard anything about Christianity. We want to lead them out into nature and show them God's wonders. We want to teach them out in nature and show them God's wonders. We want to teach them our sacred history and awaken in them the pride and the consciousness of being sons of a glorious folk. Then their pure heart alone will point them to the right faith. We must have the courage to begin with that.

For that it will be necessary that we come together in communities of faith. Not in order to desecrate and shout, rather to win, to inspire, to deepen souls. Not to deny, rather to awaken and build up. The wellsprings of our strength lie in the fountain of our eternal folk, which never runs dry. It is so powerful and rich that we can do without the foreign and weak. Old wisdom and kindness will then join with new, young energy. From that custom will emerge for us what is fitting to our hearts. But no new forms should restrict our faith. New life and new deed will grow from it. Our community will not concern itself with dogmatic quarrels and theological debates. It will raise the treasures of the past from the depths in order to lift

our spirits with their truth and greatness. It will elevate love for Germany and loyalty to the Fiihrer to beacon and

declare to us courageous struggle as duty. It will teach us to see events around us not from the standpoint of a rigid, cold dogmatism, rather from nature and blood. Basically, it will do nothing else than to make all of us fanatical National Socialists and Germans. If we are that, then we are simultaneously religious, without church and without priests. Hence the creation of a new piety is the question of the education of new man.

A path as healthy as it is painless.

That we will not be understood by many must never make us waver. All revolutions have been the work of heretics. In the process, we should not wait for orders from above. For the state cannot command its citizens their faith. It can only confirm the existence of a new religious yearning and the uniform will of all for it. But if the hearts of an entire folk beat in a new rhythm of faith, then humans will always find a way to also give this faith the form fitting to it. For without living content the form becomes phrase.

To bring about that great day of religious unification should be our task from this hour on. It will not be the work of gabbers and writers, rather the fulfilment of the yearning of millions, whose heart hurts, when they think about German religious discord, and who have devoted themselves with every fibre of their being to the divine command:

Germany!

declare to us courageous struggle as duty. It will teach us to see events around us not from the standpoint of a rigid, cold dogmatism, rather from nature and blood. Basically, it will do nothing else than to make all of us fanatical National Socialists and Germans. If we are that, then we are simultaneously religious, without church and without priests. Hence the creation of a new piety is the question of the education of new man.

A path as healthy as it is painless.

That we will not be understood by many must never make us waver. *All revolutions have been the work of heretics.* In the process, we should not wait for orders from above. For the state cannot command its citizens their faith. It can only confirm the existence of a new religious yearning and the uniform will of all for it. But if the hearts of an entire folk beat in a new rhythm of faith, then humans will always find a way to also give this faith the form fitting to it. For without living content the form becomes phrase.

To bring about that great day of religious unification should be our task from this hour on. It will not be the work of gabbers and writers, rather the fulfilment of the yearning of millions, whose heart hurts, when they think about German religious discord, and who have devoted themselves with every fibre of their being to the divine command:

Germany!

Gott und Volk

Soldatisches Bekenntnis